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Commencing "ESCAPE" . . . Thrilling new serial by Ethel Vance

AIR HOSTESSES



AIR HOSTESSES Nancy Brown, Nancy Danne, Doreen Hungerford and Wilma Nugent at Essendon (Vic.) Airport between flights. The light uniforms are for the northern run.

They fly for their living

THERE'S something more than a shining perm. beneath the forage cap of your air hostess.

She had to measure up to a number of lofty standards before she qualified for her all-time high in jobs. She also had to measure down to a certain height, weight, and age.

The average passenger now considers the air hostess quite as essential to a flight as the pilot and the plane.

Yet, as a business opportunity for girls, the air hostess job is practically brand-new. Little more than four years ago Australian National Airways chose two girls to serve meals and otherwise see to the comfort of passengers on the Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmania runs.

To-day they employ 13 air hostesses, who are constantly in flight between all the Australian capitals.

To become a flying factotum a girl must be a qualified nurse between 22 and 35 years of age.



COLLECTING passengers' tickets as they board the plane at the airport.



LOOKING after a child who is travelling alone. "TRY some barley sugar?"

She must be not more than 5ft. 4in. in height, and not more than 8st. 7lb. in weight.

She must be of cheerful disposition, attractive in appearance, and unmarred.

"There is a great deal more to it than that," said Mrs. V. C. Holyman, matron of Australian National Airways, who has her headquarters at Essendon Airport, and has charge of all hostesses.

"Every girl who applies for a position and measures up to these qualifications is asked to send along a photograph.

"Contrary to most opinions, this is not a job for glamor girls. The kind of pleasing appearance that is acceptable to all types of travellers is more satisfactory.

"The girl we choose must be efficient, intelligent, cool and level-headed, and she must also be charming.

"She must speak nicely, and must show signs of being able to adapt her conversation to suit her passengers.

Lots to learn

"WHEN a girl is chosen she spends three weeks on probation before she is appointed to the permanent flying staff.

"During that three weeks she must learn many things. She is initiated into the intricacies of handling passenger reservation sheets.

"She is taught how to serve hot meals hot and cold meals cold, how to control heating and ventilation of planes, how to help air travellers make the best possible connection with trains, boats and other planes.

"She must also acquire enough knowledge of engines and flying to be able to give an intelligent answer to any question a passenger may ask.

"As soon as she takes to the air she is encouraged to study all points of geographical or historical interest along her route, so that she may point them out to her charges.

"Passengers often want to know how high and how fast they are flying, so the hostess distributes flight log cards.

"The pilot jots down at intervals data on altitude, speed and location, and the estimated time of arrival at the next point."

Mrs. Holyman returned to Australia only seven months ago after visiting leading airways and investigating how hostesses worked in England, Holland and America.

"In America one airline has 150 hostesses, another has 125, and a third has 100. They have schools for air hostesses. We hope to have them here some day," she said.

"MOST of our girls love the flying life. They spend about six hours a day in the air.

"On the east-west run they sometimes show nine hours' flying time, but they do not always fly every day. On the whole we try to keep their flying hours down to 30 a week.

From the moment the air hostess walks along the aisle to see that safety belts are fastened and to encourage each passenger to suck a piece of barley sugar before the take-off she is a likely target for questions.

One old lady on her first night flight sat in frowning silence for an hour, then called the hostess.

"I think we must be lost," she said. "We have been passing that red light for an hour and we haven't got beyond it yet."

When the hostess explained that there were port and starboard lights on the ends of the wings she did it so charmingly that the two were able to have a good laugh together over the incident.

Hostesses also have to listen, and to listen with the superb patience that keeps a gleam of interest in their eyes for hours on end.

THERE have been times when hostesses have turned heroines.

When an eagle flew against the air-liner Bungana 6000 feet above Dimboola on the east-west run last February, the starboard motor cut out, the pilot began side-slipping to the ground, the engine caught fire and later fell out.

The landing was safely made, but the eleven passengers, including two women and a baby, spent eight minutes expecting the end.

Miss Mavis Matters, the hostess, behaved magnificently. She moved calmly to each passenger, fastening safety belts and giving a cheering word here and there.

Fortunately, hostesses are rarely called upon to face the situation that confronted Miss Matters, but somehow one feels they would all do just as she did.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



PROFESSOR A. M. LOW
Science of War

FAMOUS scientist and inventor Professor A. M. Low wrote before the outbreak of war, "Modern Armaments," in which he described all the new weapons.

He designed and manufactured the first radio-controlled aeroplane; also many important electrical and radio devices for guns, planes, and war equipment. He is now at work upon a new type of gun.



MISS MARY OWEN
Y.W.C.A.

SECRETARY of the Y.W.C.A. committee for war work in France, Miss Mary Owen recently visited France to report on suggested plans for social centres for women serving with the forces.

Her visit was made under the auspices of the Council for Voluntary War Work.



DR. I. CLUNIES ROSS
University congratulates itself

JUST appointed Professor of Veterinary Science at Sydney University, youthful Dr. Ian Clunies-Ross is the first graduate of the University to hold the post, and the University congratulates itself on "securing a man of Dr. Ross' great practical achievements."

Australian representative, International Wool Secretariat, London for the past three years, Dr. Ross has done research work in Cambridge, Tokio and Sydney.

Stimulating ... refreshing

Pears Tonic Action



Bring radiance to your skin with Pears' tonic action! Keep it toned up—ready for a perfect make-up! Pears is mild and mellow ... transparently pure.

ECONOMY NOTE There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



This ship has a lady to mend its sails



CAPT. K. V. KARLSSON,
master of the ship.

WINIFRED LLOYD, sailmaker
on the windjammer.

Englishwoman's 11-months' job on a Finnish windjammer

By TORA BECKINGSALE

An Englishwoman, Miss Winifred Lloyd, has just arrived in Australia in a Finnish windjammer after 11 months at sea. "It's a wonderful life," says Miss Lloyd.

She is travelling before the mast as sailmaker. She says she is the only woman in the world with such a job.

She took the position because it was unusual, and she loves variety in her work.

OTHER jobs were a dairy-farm worker in England; cow-puncher in California; lumber-jack on Hudson Bay; and station hand on a New Zealand sheep farm.

Miss Lloyd is very petite and feminine.

She loves the sea, and never finds shipboard life monotonous although this is the fifth year she has been on the high seas.

When the launch which took me to the ship drew alongside Miss Lloyd was leaning over the side to welcome us.

"Just spare me a few minutes to tell me about yourself," I said after we had climbed the long rope ladder. I found myself, to my surprise, looking at a diminutive figure no more than 5ft 2in. tall. Soft brown hair worn long was in a small knot at the nape of her neck, and tiny hands looked most unsuited for coping with heavy sails.

The only marks of her strenuous job were her heavily tanned skin and her business-like overall of deep blue slacks and apron top over an amber blouse.

"I see you are looking at my slacks. I don't really believe in trousers for women, except for their work," said this very feminine-looking person.

When she goes ashore she wears soft blue frocks as blue as the blue of her eyes, and Quakerish white collars and cuffs.

She does not wear make-up.

To get her to talk of herself was very difficult because she was a very diffident person. But when she did talk it was a joy to listen to her soft, highly educated voice.

She said she was born in Suffolk, at Newmarket. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Charles Lloyd

and of Mrs. Lloyd, whose home is at present at Eye, Sussex.

Her twin brother Maurice was killed in the Zeebrugge Raid in the last war. He was a midshipman. Only in his teens.

"He was fourteen when he started fighting. But he did his job," said Miss Lloyd simply.

She has one married sister, in Canada.

"I was a farmer originally," said Miss Lloyd. "I was brought up on a farm, and I did dairy-farm work for many years."

Met Queen Mary

SHE worked in pedigree Jersey herds on the Royal Dairy Farm at Windsor during the reign of King George V, and is enthusiastic in praise of Queen Mary, whom she often saw.

"Queen Mary is a marvellous woman. She attends to every detail. Although I was only a very insignificant milker, among the thousands of workers in the herds, I always felt that the Queen took a personal interest in me. We all felt that."

"She herself would see personally

Our new serial

"ESCAPE," by Ethel Vance, which begins as a serial in this issue, has been acclaimed the most remarkable story of recent years.

Powerful in its revelation of the ruthless machinery of modern European politics, appealing in its portrayal of human love and loyalties, "Escape" has created a sensation in both England and America. The first generous instalment appears in this issue.

that my lodgings were all right, and if there was any entertainment . . . pictures, or anything like that planned for the workers, she would see that we were all asked to attend it."

Farming in California with some cow-punching thrown in came next for Miss Lloyd.

Then she returned to England, and for some time was working with the celebrated Jersey herd of Mrs. J. H. C. Evelyn, many of whose animals have come to Australia.

On her present voyage she sailed from a British port.

"We took cargo to Mauritius, then went on to Juan da Nova, a coral island off the coast of Madagascar. There we loaded gunno for New Zealand and well . . . here we are," she said.

"How did you come to change from being a passenger to sailing before the mast?" she was asked.

"Well, I just seemed to ooze into the job," she said with quiet humor.

Although she is so tiny, she has a quietly-purposeful look which seems to say that she would get about making herself useful without any fuss.

Reports have it that she mothers the apprentices and mends their clothes and darns their socks.

Her job of sailmaking for which she is now definitely employed is one which keeps her going all day.

"I get up at 5.30. Have coffee. And then set to work making new sails, or mending old ones all day!" she says.

Dinner at noon consists usually of salt meat or dried fish . . . stock fish as it is called, pea soup and potatoes.

There is a break at 3 p.m. for another coffee time, and then supper comes at 6.30.

For her sailmaking, Miss Lloyd sits with the canvas across her knees and caught at one end to a hook so that the seams will be taut.

On her right hand she wears a leather gauntlet which is called a "palm." This has a little steel centrepiece inside her hand which she uses as a thimble to push the twine through the heavy canvas.



THE SHIP on which Miss Lloyd is serving as sailmaker.



LIPS THAT INSPIRE LOVE

Soft but not greasy—Alluring but not painted

Men thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They hate harsh, greasy, painted lips!

Tangee is the lipstick that can't give a painted look. It isn't paint! Orange in the stick, Tangee magically changes color on your lips to blush-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical. Made with a special cream base Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer.

Invite romance, let Tangee keep your lips soft, natural, youthful looking.

For radiant natural color in cheeks use Tangee Rouge (Crème or Compact). And Tangee Powder gives your skin a fascinating underglow.

Discover your individual beauty. Try Tangee make-up tonight.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



A WARTIME PICTURE: Lady Gifford and Lord Gifford in naval uniform at a theatre first-night.



DOLPHIN SQUARE, largest block of flats in Europe, where the heir to the Gifford barony was born.



LORD GIFFORD and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Allen, at their wedding reception in Sydney.

"Image of mother," says the proud father

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

One of England's most important wartime babies, born at night-time in blacked-out London, is the son of an English peer and his Australian wife, Lord and Lady Gifford.

Lord Gifford, former A.D.C. to Sir Philip Game, flew to Australia fourteen months ago and married Miss Margaret Allen, of Sydney, a few hours after the plane landed in Brisbane.

SINCE the outbreak of war Lord Gifford, who is managing director of the District Messenger Service and is a Lieutenant-Commander (retired) of the Royal Navy, has been working at the Admiralty.

Their son was born on May 2 at their flat in Raleigh House, Dolphin Square, on the banks of the Thames.

Eight pounds six ounces in weight, and twenty-two inches tall, the heir to the Gifford title is a real war baby, for the uncertainty of the wartime situation in London prevented his parents from setting up a nursery for him.

Though the baby was born at Dolphin Square, the world's biggest block of flats, which has an ultra-modern nursery, practically all the babies in the flats had been evacuated and the nursery closed.

So Lord Gifford's heir is at present viewing life from a Moses basket in his father's dressing-room, which has been converted into an improvised nursery.

"Giff" has taken a small flat opposite for himself.

The baby's layette is of finest linen made with delicate hand-tucking.

Lady Gifford threaded the robes with pink and blue reversible ribbon in preparation for either a boy or girl.

The christening robe of satin and Brussels lace has been in the Gifford family for a century, and worn by all babies in the family for their christening.

Pre-natal advice

BEFORE the baby's arrival Dr. Bertie Schlink, of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, where Lord Gifford was formerly organising secretary, cabled frequent pre-natal instructions, which were carefully followed.

Both the mother and baby are doing splendidly.

The doctor who attended her describes Lady Gifford as a "model patient."

On June 1 Lord and Lady Gifford are going to a country house they have taken at Haywards Heath for the summer.

The baby's names will be Maurice



CHILDREN in the Dolphin Square nursery, which has been closed since the wartime evacuation of children from London.

Anthony. Maurice is a family name of the Giffords.

Hundreds of cables and telegrams of congratulation have arrived already from Australia and all over England.

"Giff" is naturally delighted with his son.

"He's just like Margaret, and as quiet as a lamb," he said.

The baby's grandmother, Mrs. Rayner, said: "Like the Dowager Lady Gifford, I am delighted there is an heir to the title, and I'm very pleased he has an Australian mother, because I love Australia and Australians, and am always happy with them."

"I suppose every father thinks his baby is like its mother, but he really is remarkably like Margaret."

On way to theatre

"CHARLES and I were on our way to the theatre for the first night of 'Come Out To Play' when he was called back. I went on to the theatre, but just at interval Charles rushed into the foyer to tell me, excitedly, 'It's a boy,' and I returned to the flat with him."

Lady Gifford had been doing extra work while she waited for her baby's arrival.

She is chairman of the Big Brother Australian Comforts Fund, which undertakes to buy gifts for Australian men and women on active service abroad.

On their wedding anniversary in March, Lord and Lady Gifford gave a dinner at the Mayfair Hotel, at which the dishes on the menu were specially named after their Australian friends and places in Australia associated with their romance and marriage.

Had the young Gifford been born in peace-time, he would have used the wonderful children's nursery at Dolphin House—the most up-to-date and best-equipped in England. Unhappily it is closed, and the children who were cared for there are living in the English countryside.

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LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK ST. (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper your name, address and the gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT", LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4318 Y.Y., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

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SUNLIGHT GIFTS AVAILABLE

Write to above address for full gift list.



THE FISH that STARED



Funny things, grown-ups, thought Jane. They make speeches about kindness to animals, then they go and eat a poor salmon!

THE Annual Afternoon of the Walks, otherwise the Women's Association of Loving Kindness, was due, and Mrs. Turpin, its Honorary President, having completed her term of office, had decided, in the custom of its retiring presidents, to give the "afternoon" in her own home.

The subject of loving kindness this year would be "Our Animals." The meeting, with speeches, would be held in the drawing-room, where usually tea was served afterwards to the members after the election of the new president.

But not this year.

"As Mrs. Tweeddale is to succeed me," decided Mrs. Turpin, "I'll show her how a real president can behave. One with imagination. I'll give a cold buffet spread with cider cup. No, hock cup!"

"Hock cup, Mother?" breathed Marjorie Turpin.

"Yes. That cheap two-shilling cooking wine from the grocer's will never be recognised with tinned cherries and chunks of pineapple in it and chopped mint—like they do in America. They always make hock cup that way there. I'll invite the editor of the 'Dupperry Weekly Times and Observer' and have it all written up. After some of the Annual Afternoons with weak tea and seed cake it will make Mrs. Tweeddale sit up!"

"I should say so, Mother!"

"What she wants to get herself elected president for, I can't imagine," said Mrs. Turpin caustically. "To annoy me, I should think. She it was who brought up the resolution that no president could come

up for election two years running, and got it passed, too. Really, the jealousy of that woman is appalling."

"Well, let her beat your cold buffet idea," said Marjorie.

"Yes. I'll make it a really good one. I'll have a lobster as the centre piece. I can easily get one from the local fishmongers and get him to take it back if it isn't damaged. I shan't have it dressed. Just as a decoration. He won't mind hiring it, I'm sure. If he does, I'll go to Harrod's. No one will be able to eat it if it's not dressed. A lobster is such an awfully awkward thing to eat in public, anyhow. If anyone has the bad taste to ask for lobster—and Mrs. Tweeddale is quite liable to do it for sheer spite—well, I'll just say 'Help yourself' and see if she likes the smell of fish for the rest of the day."

"Mother," asked Jane, "what's it called 'Our Animals' afternoon for?"

"Because it's the Women's Association of Loving Kindness, dear, and that means all its members are pledged to be kind to everything in the universe. Each other, strangers, their enemies, and—well, everything, including all animals and children."

"Fish?" inquired Jane.

"Certainly, dear."

"With the lobster there like you said in the middle?" persisted Jane, and her mother looked puzzled and asked why not.

"Well, it's not kind to animals to boil lobsters alive, and they scream with pain."

Mrs. Turpin frowned. Jane was a most awkward child.

"What rubbish!" she said slowly; "who told you such a silly tale?" "Father," was Jane's answer, and Mrs. Turpin frowned again.

"Have you done your homework?" she inquired idly. "No, of course not. You waste all your time playing with that dirty little dog. I thought I'd forbidden him in here? Take him away at once, if you please!"

Jane gathered up Popeye and went resignedly. Always the same when you tried to help grown-ups. Homework and Popeye!

"Loving kindness!" sneered Jane. "And Popeye not let in the house and lobsters boiled alive and scream all the time!"

"I don't believe it, but all the same," Mrs. Turpin was saying to Marjorie, "we'd better not have a whole lobster. Jane might repeat that absurd fallacy about the animal being boiled alive and Mrs. Tweeddale might seize on it, and it would ruin the entire harmony. To say nothing of that cat Emily Balcock. You know what Jane is!"

"Do I not? Need you have her?" "I must. All the other mothers are bringing their little ones. And—this is a dead secret—as a last idea I'm going to propose a Junior Association of Loving Kindness, to be called the Jalks, and I'm going to

Jane sat down, frustrated, while the meeting stared, and Mrs. Turpin hurried on.

columns of a paper only yesterday. They're in season. They weigh about five pounds—but if we're careful we can save enough for salmon cakes for the day afterwards."

And so it was settled.

And eventually the day of the festivities arrived.

The grilse was really an imposing dish. The cook excelled herself. The grilse, shaped to the letter S and boiled in its skin, lay on a large silver platter in a bed of chopped lettuce and cucumber and tomato in the centre of the buffet surrounded by the lesser trifle and jelly and tinned tongue. It gave an amazing impression of affluence.

"Exactly like the Ritz," enthused Mrs. Turpin, who had never been there.

"Well, thank you, mum, and thank you for giving me and my husband Arnie the night off after your party's washed up. We'll be back after Arnie's ma's birthday, but not till the morning as agreed, there being no trains; but Nana'll get breakfast," said Vile.

"Certainly, Cook, I never break my word," said Mrs. Turpin, "and I must

looking at me. I do believe it's alive."

Certainly it looked alive. It had a head and a tail and fins and wide-open eyes. Jane touched it cautiously, but even then wasn't sure it was dead. Whichever way she turned its pathetic eyes seemed to follow her. And Jane knew what it was trying to say: "Only for you, Jane Turpin, I wouldn't be waiting for the WALKS to eat me. If you hadn't told your mother about the way they cook live lobsters I'd still be swimming about enjoying life!"

"Well," said Jane to herself, "how's I to know a grilse is a whole fish with a face? When mother asked me, 'Shall I get a grilse instead of a salmon, Jane?' I said yes; how'd I know a grilse was like you, with wide-open eyes?"

Tears came, hot and smarting—but Jane blinked them back. This, she had known since they exited Popeye to the little shed right at the back where you couldn't hear him whining and scratching, was going to be a terrible afternoon. The Women's Association of Loving Kindness! So kind they looked up little dogs in case they annoyed them and ate a fish called a grilse with terrible eyes that looked sorrowfully at you!

Jane looked at the grilse again. She thought—"Praps if I put it in water it'd start to swim. Praps it isn't dead after all. The bathing-pool'd do. Then they couldn't eat it and it'd stop looking at me—"

Fortunately for Mrs. Turpin's cold buffet, Jane's plans to save the grilse's life were shattered. "Ah, darling," said Mrs. Turpin gaily, "come away, greedy girl, and perhaps mother will give you a little piece of grilse later."

"No," said Jane emphatically, "no—no!"

"Hush, dear. There's the bell. The first arrival. I expect it'll be that frightful Miss Balcock, afraid of missing anything. Ah, dear Miss Balcock—how lovely and early of you!"

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By EVADNE PRICE

Illustrated by WEP

elect Jane as president before Mrs.

Tweeddale can push in that awful child Amelia. That ought to teach her a lesson." Mrs. Turpin's eyes gleamed. "She'll have all the ghastly trouble of the children. Really, I don't envy her. Especially with Jane as president!" Mrs. Turpin laughed heartily. "Really, it serves her right for that motion about not electing a president twice running, doesn't it?"

"It does. What'll we have instead of the lobster?"

It was then Mrs. Turpin had her inspiration.

"We'll have a grilse!" she exclaimed.

"Whatever's that, Mother?"

"The technical term for a baby salmon, dear. I saw it in the cookery

repeat the grilse is a splendid effort."

"Not a bad bit of work at all, mum. Of course grilse is grilse. This one happens to have a rare pretty face. I says to meself, I says, now whose face does that grilse remind me of? And it's just come to me. It's the living image of my Uncle Luke as a baby."

"Thank you, Cook," remarked Mrs. Turpin rather coldly, who did not fancy her cook's uncle's face as a baby being her centre decoration.

But to Jane, arriving just as cook departed admiringly, the grilse was a dreadful shock. Until now she had had no idea what this grilse they were all talking of was.

"My golly, it's a whole fish with a face," whispered Jane to herself; "it's

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

"Cavfare," he ordered. "fresh."

It wasn't until they had gone on to another place for brandies that she really went thoroughly into the story of her life. "It isn't so easy for a girl who has to earn her own living," she reminded him.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717092>

For Sale or Rent

Complete Short Story
by
ETHEL DOHERTY
and
LOUISE LONG

THERE were two things that Nellie felt she could really pride herself upon, and she regarded both as a matter of character. She kept her nose out of other people's business—and whatever the provocation she was never sentimental.

If you had spent the last thirty years serving in other people's houses you would have had frequent strain on those qualities, one of which might have hurt the other fellow—and the other which would most certainly have hurt yourself.

Of late years, particularly, Nellie had found it difficult to keep strictly within the bounds she had set. Take that last position, housekeeper for a

little schoolgirl grown suddenly famous and opulent as a film star. The poor thing didn't know how to handle servants.

That had been a difficult job, with meals at all hours or not at all, and Nellie was exhausted when the star had gone on a personal appearance tour, disbanding her household. Nellie had to have a rest, now, before the next job, and she contemplated with dread going to her nephew, Tim, who with his wife and children constituted her only family. It was because of that family that Nellie never had any money saved. Tim was pretty worthless, Nellie always conceded, but that wasn't the fault of the children. It was certainly not

being sentimental, seeing to it that they didn't starve.

Nellie knew there would be no rest for her in that crowded house, and she'd have to set to and clean it up before ever she'd lay her head on a pillow. And Nellie was desperately tired.

Then, like the answer to prayer, Mr. Hudkins, of the real estate firm of Hudkins and Moore, a former employer of hers, interrupted her labored progress towards the little station in Beverly Hills, all her worldly goods in the rusty black suitcase in her hand.

"Are you out of a job, Nellie? Look, I'd like to have you take care of a vacant furnished house I have up for sale or rent. Live there, keep it spick and span, and show it when I send prospects over."

Nellie's eyes gleamed behind her glasses, eyes that had been dull but a moment before, and she set down the suitcase. Mr. Hudkins was sizing her up sharply, and she hoped the slight bit of rouge and powder disguised the weariness she felt. There was nothing much she could do about her figure, painfully skinny and a little bent as it was. But she had a pleasurable confidence that Mr. Hudkins knew she was brisk and capable of prodigious effort.

"See here," he said crossly, "You look starved. You've got to promise me to cook and eat regular meals in that house. I know how you snatch a bite standing up at the sink and never eat a real meal. Besides," he concluded severely, "you smoke too much and drink too much black coffee."

Nellie felt humiliated down to the toes in the sensible shoes on which her eyes had focused. She never smoked outside her room—except when she was out walking the mistress's poodle. She knew what was right and proper. Then she heard Mr. Hudkins laugh.

"Didn't think I knew your vices, eh? Well, the job's yours—if you eat! It may last a while, too. This is the slow season and we don't mean to sacrifice this place. It's a dream!"

The house was even better than Mr. Hudkins' professional enthusiasm indicated. It was an eight-room bungalow set in a charming garden. Armed with a latch-key, Nellie went up the front walk, observing the Easter display at either side. White pansies in the border, then white carnations and ferns, then tall white stocks with more greenery rising like an anthem to the stately lilies against the house. Nellie did not know the name of the architectural style of the house, it might be French provincial or English cottage, but she muttered as she opened the front door:

"Why, it's a home!"

None of the cold formality, vistas of back-breaking waxed floors, tire-some stairs, dust-gathering tapestries and marble and armor; to which Nellie had grown accustomed; just a living-room hung with chintz, soft creamy carpet with patterns of sunshine on it, lovely pot-

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

tery blues, dull gleam of beautiful books.

Nellie closed the door softly. The house was very still, waiting. Suddenly it reached out invisible welcoming arms and held her close.

From that moment, Nellie owned the house—or, rather, it possessed her. There was a fragrance of sweet living about it, something that came, she maintained stoutly, from the charming arrangement of the rooms and their furnishings. To admit a more intangible influence, something lingering of the warmth of human love and companionship within the walls, would have been sentimental.

Nellie loved polishing the house like a gem every morning, placing fresh flowers from the riotous rear garden in every room. Cooking and eating deliberate meals became a pleasure for the first time in her years of service. The kitchen was so much fun. Basically, though on a smaller scale, a white-tiled and porcelain laboratory like those she had always worked in, this one was humorous and gay with red curtains, a red-and-white checked oil-cloth covering the table on which was a glowing pottery dish filled with red chillies and onions and garlic, with cunning red hens as salt-and-pepper shakers flanking it. Burnished copper kettles on the shelves above the stove brought a racial nostalgia for the kitchens of old places, old times, when the kitchen was the centre of the house.

IT was natural, therefore, that she should become jealous of the "prospects" Mr. Hudkins sent. She was terrified lest one of them might buy or rent it. They came every day, glancing about with critical worried eyes and asking the price. The house kept its arms folded austere while they were there. Nellie was wary and non-committal, and hurried them out, invariably having a conscience about it afterwards. But, after all, no one came who was worthy of it.

They all wanted something different, never seeing the perfection of the whole. Like

In front of the prize fireplace stood the two figures, close in each other's arms.

the man who inspected the sunroom on a rainy day when the amber glass roof made you believe there was sunshine in that lovely spot, despite the gloom without. He did not even look at the pool just outside the windows, nestling in its ferns, delicate Japanese iris blooming whitely around it, and two pond lilies out that day. He saw only the lack of a bar for liquors.

"Why haven't they equipped this room with a bar?" he asked irritably. "I'd ask for a portable one, at least, if I took the house."

In a spasm of worry Nellie envisioned inevitable rings from cocktail glasses on the piano, and told him firmly: "The owners won't make any changes, sir," as she conducted him with auspicious haste toward the door.

Who were these owners for whom she spoke so glibly? Who had designed and built and lived in this paradise? She learned nothing from the Japanese gardener who came regularly. He didn't even understand when she suggested certain pruning, but pursued his own impenetrable way. Gradually the ghosts of these owners made themselves felt—in the bedroom which was palpably a boy's room, particularly. She began imagining this small owner as she dusted his room. She even asked him about the quantities of silver and linen in the sideboard which seemed to her like wedding presents. Why should those have been abandoned?

Then one afternoon the doorbell rang and there was a sturdy youngster on roller skates on the porch. He had a little box in his hand and asked quickly:

"Is it all right if I feed the goldfish?"

"Why—I don't know," Nellie said cautiously. "Mr. Hudkins said they got their food from the stuff growing in the pool."

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Captivated by the spirit of the house, Nellie rejoiced in tending and polishing it.





"What day is this, Anna?" Emmy asked. "I don't know. Isn't it Wednesday?"

ESCAPE

by
ETHEL VANCE

THE doctor took out the stitches, swabbed the scar with a disinfectant, and then made an examination of his patient. He felt carefully round the region of the abdomen, put a stethoscope to her heart and lungs. He put a clinical thermometer into her mouth, and made methodical notes for his own use in a little notebook he carried.

A large woman with straw-colored hair cut short like a man's stood in the doorway. She wore a rough grey cotton uniform and carried a little chipped enamel dish of discarded dressings and stitches.

Another woman lying on an iron bed had turned on her side to see what was going on.

The woman in the doorway said in a hoarse voice:

"What a fuss—what a fuss over nothing!"

The doctor frowned. He was a tall, roughly built young man with a bony red face and pointed cheekbones; his eyes were small and intensely blue. Only his thin red wrists, too long for the sleeves of his black uniform, had a sensitive look.

"Temperature ninety-seven," he read. As he rearranged some bottles, he said: "I have never seen a quicker recovery. You have a very remarkable constitution."

The patient lay on her back, her hands clasped on her chest, and two long plaits coiled like dark rivers in the gaunt little winter landscape of the blanket. Her dark eyes looked up at him attentively. He fixed his eyes on the card at the head of the bed.

"Emmy Ritter," he read, "Emmy Ritter," feeling some of the same shock as when he had first read it.

"Emmy Ritter," his father used to say, his voice turning portentous, full of eagerness and disapproval. That was very long ago, in the country house striped with tree shadows. Every Sunday they drove along behind the bobbing tails of horses to visit "the dear countess" who gave them coffee and sweet cakes.

"Emmy Ritter?" he would say. "Oh, yes, I saw her in town last week. They say that fellow Schnitzler is going to write a comedy for her. Really, for such a young actress—but they say she's phenomenal. I saw Emmy Ritter in a cafe. She was with some acquaintances of mine, and there was a fair young man with them—Presting, the actor. They say she is going to marry him. That will finish her career. No, I wasn't introduced to her. They say the grand duke gave her his smallest. Altdorfer as a wedding present. No, no, they say he sold the picture to her; he is hard up for cash. They say Emmy Ritter has gone to America. They say—"

This Emmy Ritter. Perhaps the name wouldn't have clung to him if it hadn't been for the photograph. It had slipped between his father's desk and the wall, and he took it and put it under the paper lining of his bureau drawer. It was the picture of a queen, the bad queen of a Grimm fairy tale. He especially didn't want his mother to see it, though he was not sure why. He was a little afraid of it.

For a long time he forgot it. Then one summer he came on it again. She wore a crown and a medieval robe, and her hair exactly as now, in long plaits. In her hands a basket. Saint Elizabeth, of course. He had forgotten Grimm. People had stopped talking about her by then and he could make her anything he wanted. He knew a few big-boned girls and never noticed one of them. This was his ideal, this heroic, tender figure, charged with life, vibrating with his wildest hopes and surmises.

To think of it now disgusted him. He remembered how completely she had been discredited, diminishing into a mere furnishing of the country house and the time spent there, shrinking again to a photograph left in a drawer. For years he never thought of her. Only once did someone say: "Whatever became of that Emmy Ritter?" and someone answered, "Oh, she went to America."

Then suddenly he read the name on a white card over an iron prison bed. In the crowded prison, late one night. After the first shock, he had no time to think of photographs or voices, for here was something he recognised, directly before him, waiting for him, a territory very precise, and demanding of him exact knowledge, a territory where organs functioned and blood circulated—a human body, in fact, remarkable, as he had just told her. Forty, or even forty-five, he thought, if she's a day, but she might be thirty.

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"So I'm getting well?" she said. He nodded, hoping she would say no more.

"But when can I walk?" she insisted.

He hesitated and cleared his throat.

"Well, perhaps in a week," he said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, throwing all her power into her voice. "Just in time for my execution."

She raised herself suddenly on her elbows towards him, and he thought she was going to throw herself from the bed. The woman

in the doorway thought so, too. She started forward, but the doctor motioned her back.

"Lie down, Madame Ritter!" he cried peremptorily. He saw both terror and mockery in her eyes. She only wants to point up her bravado, he thought, and to shame me once more.

She settled back on her pillow, clasping her hands again. She closed her eyes slowly, smiling as though it had been a good joke.

He turned from her to the woman on the other bed. This woman was equally condemned to die, but it

was impossible for him, even as a doctor, to be interested in her. She was dying of tuberculosis and undernourishment, and there was no will to live left in her. Her name—Anna Hoffman—said nothing to him. She was not in his care; one of the regular camp doctors, himself a prisoner, came to see her every other day or so.

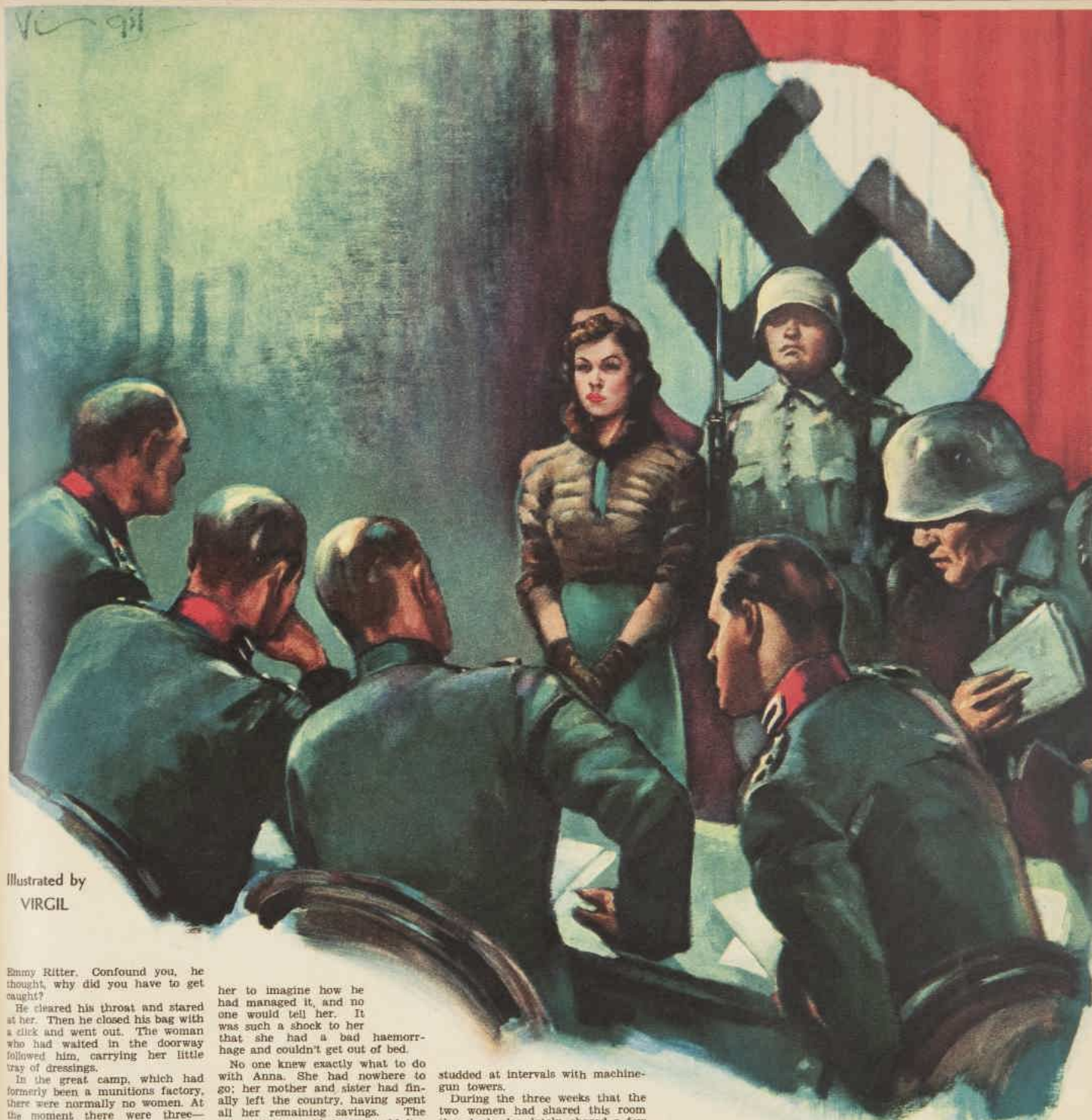
The young doctor said a few words to Anna, and then came back to get his black bag that he'd left at Emmy's feet. He looked down at her and saw that her eyes were still closed, but she was not smiling.

Yes, in the photograph her plaits were exactly as now. She was Saint Elizabeth of Hungary certainly, carrying bread that turned into roses. That was what started him off. If she had been dressed as Marie Therese, for instance, or Marie Antoinette, perhaps, he wouldn't have given her a second look.

It's my tough luck, he thought, that we had to meet here. I'd certainly forgotten you. I thought you'd died in my bureau drawer. And I should have let you die there again, up in that crowded prison, before I had any time to think about it. You didn't matter to anyone there. You didn't matter to me. I didn't believe in bad queens or in good queens any more, nor in jaded and luxurious actresses, fatal to country squires and their small boys. But no. I had to save you—for a reason that had nothing to do with old photographs, or country houses, or what the countess said, or what my father said, or what I used to think.

I wish you'd understand that, but I can't tell you that without telling you the other, too. It was simply because my skill rose up in me and recognised a complementary skill in you—one I never thought of you as having—a skill to live. It recognised at once the urge that was in all your organs, glistening and elastic with life, and in your blood hammering along in perfect equilibrium, the red corpuscles balancing the white. Yes, after all this time it was our two skills that met, and we did a duet together.

That's all. And that is the true and only reason why I saved you



Illustrated by
VIRGIL

Emmy Ritter. Confound you, he thought, why did you have to get caught?

He cleared his throat and stared at her. Then he closed his bag with a click and went out. The woman who had waited in the doorway followed him, carrying her little tray of dressings.

In the great camp, which had formerly been a munitions factory, there were normally no women. At the moment there were three—Emmy Ritter, Anna Hoffman, and the one who acted as their nurse.

The camp was a world of its own. The men, who came from every walk of life, slept in barracks, ate in a common room, worked in the workshops, the kitchens, or outside the walls under guard, clearing swamps and building roads. The life was hard, and many of them, when they came, were already ill and undernourished. There was a hospital for the worst cases, and most of the doctors were prisoners themselves, and some of them were very good doctors.

There was a canteen where any prisoner with money could buy himself sausages, bread and tobacco. Anna's husband, himself a prisoner, had been in charge of the canteen for two years. During that time she had been allowed to live here with him, and in the long winters, breathing the damp air of the ground, living in an unheated room, she had developed tuberculosis.

She could have gone away if she'd had any money, but all the money they had saved had to be used in taking care of her mother and sister during this time when her husband could no longer earn any. Then one day her husband disappeared.

Anna never knew how—escapes from here were almost unheard of. He had a position of some trust; but, even so, it was impossible for

her to imagine how he had managed it, and no one would tell her. It was such a shock to her that she had a bad haemorrhage and couldn't get out of bed.

No one knew exactly what to do with Anna. She had nowhere to go; her mother and sister had finally left the country, having spent all her remaining savings. The prison doctor said Anna would live only a few weeks, and so the commandant let them put Anna in a little room of the hospital, and another man was put in charge of the canteen.

This man had been himself a Secret Police guard at one of the town prisons, but now he was under "honour arrest." He had, it seemed, fraternised with the prisoners, and this was to teach him his place, so to speak. His wife was the big woman with straw-colored hair, and if her husband had been tempted to any kindness, she was heartily sorry for it and made up for it as best she could.

THE room where the two women lay was the smallest one in the hospital, and the walls were covered with lime wash on which other prisoners had scratched their spoons. It was furnished by the two iron beds with straw mattresses and a rough wooden stand on which were two used cakes of soap, two tooth-brushes, and loath powder, two rough brown towels, and two forks and spoons.

There were no chairs and the single window wasn't barred. It wasn't necessary. Just outside was a wooden fence, beyond that another fence, and still beyond was a fence of barbed wire charged with electricity, beyond that a masonry wall

studded at intervals with machine-gun towers.

During the three weeks that the two women had shared this room they had, also, lately, shared a few faint whispered jokes. Several of them about the wife of the new canteen keeper. They didn't trust her. Sometimes when Emmy and Anna had been talking they heard her tip-toeing away in her creaky boots. But it might be only natural curiosity. They couldn't be sure.

Now that they were alone Anna wanted to talk, but she was embarrassed because Emmy had just spoken about death.

The two women always talked as though it were certain they would some day be well and out of here.

This was a sort of politeness they kept up with each other—the only politeness, really, that was left for them. Anna waited, and Emmy lay with her hands rigid on her chest. Presently she opened her eyes and looked around as though to be sure they were alone.

"What day is this?" she asked in a low voice, raising herself up in the bed.

"I don't know. Isn't it Wednesday?"

"I don't know. I should have asked him." She lifted her hand slowly and ran her fingers along her throat. "I suppose it's better than hanging," she said.

"Perhaps the doctor will give you some drug to make it easier. He's been very kind to you, hasn't he?"

"This trial isn't real; it's just another play I'm acting in," Emmy kept telling herself.

"He's never insulted me or handled me roughly, and I suppose this operation saved my life. I don't think he did that from kindness, though."

"Perhaps he's seen you on the stage. Young men often admire actresses. Could it be that?"

"No, he's never seen me. I asked him. When I left this country he was a child."

"How old would you say he is?" "Oh, twenty-five, twenty-eight, perhaps even thirty."

They spoke in low, despondent voices, with no hurry. They had all day to talk and it wasn't noon yet. They could take no part in the routine of the camp, except by the sounds that came to them—the bugle early in the morning before daylight, the roll-call and the sharp, staccato calling of names and answers, the march of feet outward, and then the marching back again. In the afternoon more marching in the exercise grounds; a quick, patting sound, as though a large herd of cattle were trotting over a paddock. Orders. Sometimes a distant voice haranguing.

They guessed, by the noise of the motor, what sort of car was coming

into the compound. A big car; some official, probably. Or a truck, more prisoners.

Early in the evening a bugle sounded again; all lights were out. Sometimes in the night a white searchlight swung in a flash across their beds.

Into this dim somnambulistic world the doctor came every morning. He stayed a few moments and said a few words. He was neither kind nor unkind. He showed no interest and asked no questions, other than medical ones. Both women watched him like all the rest. Only his wrists, so thin and red and clean, and always too far below his sleeves, made his gestures seem delicate and incongruous to what he was and to what he did in this chilly room.

"No, I don't think he's a kind man," Emmy said bitterly. "He only operated on me for practice. I heard him say that. I was sick all the last day of the trial, you know. I thought it was fright. But then, the night after the trial, I couldn't stand it.

Please turn to Page 10

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DAY AND NIGHT
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THIS doctor came with an older man, a man whose face looked somehow familiar. He called him 'uncle.' I heard him explaining that at any moment my appendix would rupture—as it did, of course.

"He went over all the symptoms. The pain was dancing in me like a rocket, and the other fellow stood there wagging his head at each word he spoke. 'Let me take her to the hospital,' he said; 'let me operate. You know I'm rotting with idleness.' These doctors! 'There's no room,' the other man said; 'every hospital is filled.' 'How about the camp?' the doctor said. I don't remember what they said after that, but they must have decided to bring me here."

"The other man must have been important. Did he wear a uniform?"

"I don't remember. But the doctor wasn't kind. I can tell you that. It was simply that he'd got tired, for the moment, of his own system. You've no idea, Anna, how tired they get every now and then. Especially the young ones. Whatever is still growing, still pushing and thrusting in them, won't let them rest in it."

"Yes," said Anna, "I've seen children get sick under too strict a rule."

"Well, children show what's wrong more clearly. A man like the doctor can escape for a time by using the special skill he has, his own private, personal knowledge. He does a thing that maybe he's the only one to do, and that makes him feel separate and alive again."

"Perhaps that's so," Anna admitted. "Still, I think he's a good fellow underneath."

Poor Anna, Emmy thought. To be grateful for a problematical goodness so deep underneath showed a humble spirit. She hoped her husband had been nice to her. But she was afraid, from little things Anna had told her, that he hadn't been.

They had talked a good deal about themselves; a little at a time, for they were both weak, over the long hours of the day and sometimes even at night in the dark when they couldn't sleep.

Anna was a woman of the simplest education who had spent most of her life over a big stove, but that didn't mean she had nothing to talk about. Anna knew a great many things that are necessary to know. Emmy sometimes grew angry at those women who said they couldn't stand other women because of the poverty of their minds and experience. Emmy liked all women like Anna who had kept their true quality and efficacy as women.

Anna would have said more about the doctor, but she was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

Emmy closed her eyes and wished she might close her ears also to shut out the sound of Anna's cough. For it might be Sabina's cough—that cough which had grown lately worse instead of better. It made her see Sabina as she might be at this moment, wearing a costly thin dress or a sable jacket, walking slowly across a room in New York before the hard, curious eyes of women in deep chairs.

WHAT will become of her, she thought. She doesn't eat enough when I'm not there.

In their little apartment were already two refugees—an old woman and her grandchild. The woman was the widow of Jacoby, the great surgeon of Vienna, who committed suicide; the grandchild was a chubby boy of ten who practised the violin all day. But he ate enough—enough for two.

Anna, having rested a moment, looked over at Emmy. She saw that her heavy eyebrows were drawn in a frown and she was tapping the tips of her fingers together nervously. Anna knew that she must be worrying about her children again, and it would be better for her to be able to talk about them.

Anna could never get over being surprised that a woman whose name she had sometimes heard and who had lived the exciting, worldly life of the stage should have also had such a close, personal, even secret life with two children.

This was the life Anna could understand best and liked best to hear about. She liked to hear about the rooms they'd had here and there, filled with pictures and books and signed photographs of celebrated people and friends, and children's toys on the floor, and the children's laundry drying in the bathrooms. She liked to hear of their tears of

Escape

Continued from Page 9

jam and cakes and sandwiches, and the stories that Emmy managed to tell them before she went to the theatre. The illnesses they had—croup and measles and stomach-ache and the tonsil operation on Mark in Chicago, and how Sabina nearly died once on a train in Oklahoma.

She liked to hear what the children had said, those bright sayings that are treasured in a family, and she knew how they'd looked, with their long spindle-legs and their big eyes and pale faces, their ridiculously expensive clothes, with real lace collars, and how Sabina was always melancholy and intelligent, and how Mark had such excitable nerves and such energy that each time Emmy came home, she said first, "What's Mark been doing?"

All this she knew, and as she had an aptitude herself for family life, she began to recognise here the family character, the special traits, a certain line of behaviour, the special quality of the atmosphere they created, so that when a new thing was told her about one of them, she could say to herself, "How like them."

How old is Mark? she asked. She had been told before, but she could never remember. She thought of him mostly, in the easiest way, as a little boy.

"Twenty-three," said Emmy. She turned a deep, frightened look, but she was grateful to Anna for letting her talk.

"Is he handsome?" Anna asked. "Not exactly. No, not really handsome. The best thing about him

is the way he moves. A man must know how to use his body. To use the hands with fitness and economy is a good beginning. That's why the doctor, grotesque as he is, sometimes has what might, in a woman, be called elegance, and a garage mechanic was the most elegant man I ever saw."

"Ah, so," said Anna doubtfully. "Then perhaps it's because he's a painter. Is he a good painter?"

"Yes, he's a good painter. Later he'll be better than good."

"How can you know? You're his mother."

"Because I've known so many bad painters."

"But your father; he was a great painter. Everyone has heard of Richard Ritter."

"My father? Oh, no. He was very talented and very fashionable. He certainly wasn't a great painter."

He was a painter who made a lot of money, Anna thought. And what, by the way, became of all the money? Painters and actors, she thought, can make a lot of money. But it was a long time, Emmy said, since she had earned enough to speak about, and money that isn't constantly augmented melts away. Yes, Anna knew that very well.

"Does Mark know about you?" Anna asked.

"I don't know," said Emmy. "I thought it better he shouldn't. You see, at first I hadn't been able to take the trial very seriously. Perhaps because I've read too much and been in too many plays. It was terribly familiar, and yet it wasn't."

Please turn to Page 12

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BECAUSE

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Thomas

Two lovely girls and one wistful small boy . . . each was pulling Duke's heart in a different direction

FOR his ten years he was very small, small and spry, like a bird. His name was Thomas Abraham Robbins, but nobody ever dreamed of calling him that. Very few people knew his name at all, for he was, in his small world, known simply as the Boy.

He had been at the Coach and Horses ever since he could remember, attending the local school in slack times, and in busy ones toiling up and down the stairs with luggage, cleaning shoes, peeling potatoes, sweeping floors, tending fires, doing an incredible amount of running about, and finding no time at all to grow.

Once he had heard himself slyly referred to as Mrs. Crabb's indiscretion, and although he had not the vaguest idea what that meant he had fancied it, may have been the reason for Mrs. Crabb's inconsiderate treatment of his own person. He could not imagine a world where constant scoldings did not exist. Yet he remained surprisingly cheerful and alert, his face sharp and eager, his sparrow legs flashing here and there on innumerable errands.

Duke Cartwright saw him first half-way up the staircase at the Coach and Horses, when he turned to find the little fellow toiling behind him with his impossibly heavy bags.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "You can't carry that heavy stuff. Here, give them to me."

He stooped to take the bags, but a pair of hands clung to them tenaciously.

"No, sir. Let me, sir. Mr. Crabb won't like you to carry your own bags."

"Then he can carry them himself," said Duke angrily. "Run along, kid. You can open the door for me."

So a small, agile body slipped in front of him and stood stiffly at attention at the open door while Duke carried the bags in and dumped them on the floor. Then he felt in his pocket and found nothing smaller than a half-crown. Oh, well! At the end of a fortnight he'd either have a fortune or nothing at all, so what did one half-crown more or less matter? And the kid looked hungry. He tossed the coin over with an amiable, "Here you are. Now clear out."

The boy didn't smile. He looked as if he never smiled. But his eyes lighted up absurdly. He clutched the coin as if it were a fortune, as indeed it was to him.

Engaging little beggar, thought Duke, and then forgot the child's existence in the contemplation of the two telegrams on the dressing-table.

The first was from Evelyn, and extravagantly long. Like all her letters, thought Duke. Too extravagant, too emotional.

Find your action incredible stop if you want holiday in country come to Towers stop you know I am there stop where is Rossmouth anyway stop if you do not come I will think you do not love me Evelyn."

"Well, I don't, my darling," said Duke aloud. "I don't love you one little bit."

The other telegram was brief:

"Dear Duke happy days Lee."

At that Duke smiled, and all other matters were dispersed from his mind by a little dream he had of the last time he had seen Lee Anstruther. It had been that morning as he had been tearing down the stairs to catch his train. Lee had called to him from the head of the stairs:

"Duke! You haven't said good-bye."

"Good-bye!" yelled Duke, and then had turned to see her standing there, with her laughing face and

the light in her hair. "Good-bye, Lee," he had said again, quite without knowing why his voice had become soft and intimate. As he had reached the hall door, he had turned again, and had seen her still standing there, but with the laughter gone from her face. It had looked peaked and childish. He had never seen Lee look like that, and it had disturbed him oddly.

There was nothing between Duke and Lee. Duke was a tall young man with a vague, charming smile and despondent eyes. He was a clerk in a mercantile firm, and had a profound loathing for his work and an intense ambition to be a shining light in the musical world.

Lee was slight and soft and lovely. She was a mannequin in a city shop and apparently was content with her work and had no other ambition at all. Her rooms adjoined Duke's. They were accustomed to the sight of each other before breakfast and were deadly rivals for the possession of the second-floor bathroom. That, thought Duke, was more than sufficient to prevent their ever falling in love.

Therefore why had Lee looked so upset because he had chosen to dash away to Rossmouth for his fortnight's holiday and had forgotten to say good-bye?

There was a good deal between Duke and Evelyn Layton. They were engaged to be married. Evelyn was wealthy and was going to pave the way to Duke's realisation of his ambition to become a famous pianist. She was also extremely pretty in a fluffy-haired, china-doll way, and could have had any number of sweethearts, but had contrarily chosen a penniless one, partly because she imagined herself in love, and partly because she cherished extravagant dreams of making Duke famous and seeing herself as "the power behind the throne."

Often Duke grew weary of her over-emotional temperament of being petted and pampered, of listening to endless chatter about "our" future when Duke was famous in three continents and she was "his wee wife." Evelyn lisped when she wanted to be particularly enchanting. Duke didn't find that habit enchanting at all. Indeed, he had moments of intense longing to throttle her. After an evening of undiluted Evelyn, he went home and played

By DOROTHY EDEN

on his piano as if the devil were in his fingertips.

So Duke was suitably enchanted with her lisp and her beguiling ways, and in due course allowed himself gracefully to become engaged to her. Because marriage was Evelyn's one stipulation before she began to pave the way from Duke's dreams to their realisation.

Last week Duke had had a vision. He had suddenly seen what he was going to develop into. Evelyn's pet performing animal. To be introduced to her friends as her husband, the Duke Cartwright. And to imply, with her pretty, extravagant gestures, that if it hadn't been for her he would still be stagnating in a mercantile firm.

Duke knew that he could play exceptionally well. He was confident of his ability to hold even the most critical audience. But he knew, too, that the world was full of exceptionally good pianists without jobs. Money was the thing. A sponsor to give evenings and invite musical celebrities, to arrange concerts, to do plenty of boosting. Evelyn would do all of that for him. But he and



Illustrated by KILGOUR

his talent would both become Evelyn's possession.

So Duke had fled. He had a fortnight's holiday due to him, and he took it and came down to Rossmouth to decide which he would choose, a career and Evelyn, or the appalling monotony of clerical work and freedom. So far he had discovered a shabby country inn, an infant struggling up the stairs with his bags and two telegrams. Now some further exploration was indicated.

But Duke was hindered from this purpose by a commotion in the yard below. His room overlooked the back premises of the Coach and Horses, and on thrusting his head out of the window he saw what caused the commotion. A stout, angry woman had the child who carried his luggage cornered against a paling fence. She had one hand pressed into his neck and the other, holding an old leather slipper, was working energetically.

"Now," the woman panted, "will

Evelyn looked down at Thomas, who was clinging with one hand to Duke's coat sleeve.

tips here go into the common fund. The boy knows that. He's got no business to hide the money."

Duke looked at the child, with his clenched fists and his stubborn head. Dash it all, he was so absurdly small. And indomitable.

"You can't beat a kid that size," he said angrily. "I'll be responsible for this. Put the tip on my bill, or anything you like. But leave the youngster alone."

The woman said: "Yes, sir. Very well, sir." And beat a hasty retreat.

Duke was left alone with a paling fence, a stray cat, and an absurdly small, indomitable figure. He twitched the child's ear.

"You're not crying?"

An indignant face flashed round.

"No, sir." Duke smiled. The kid had fine eyes—clear and steady and dark-lashed. But his face was a queer little jumble of freckles and snub nose, and too-wide mouth and small, dogged chin.

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Robbins."

Duke remained grave.

"Good name that. Do you mind if I call you Thomas?"

"No, sir. I don't mind."

"Very well, Thomas. That's a pact. I'm going for a day's fishing to-morrow. Like to come?"

"You throw first, Thomas. I'm sleepy."

The kid's eyes lighted up again. He didn't say anything, but his small body was taut with eagerness. Duke thought amusedly that Thomas was hoping the heavens would fall if he didn't get a bite.

An hour passed. Duke found he couldn't think of his problem at all. He gazed up into the leafy branches and watched the flickering sunlight and dreamed pleasantly of a symphony that could express all of this—the lap-lap of the river, the call of an unseen bird, the dancing of the mottled leaf shadows, the interminable rustle and sigh of the wind. Once he fancied he saw Lee's laughing face caught in the tree branches above his head. But he must have been half asleep.

"You bet I would." But almost instantly his face fell.

"You couldn't—you couldn't go before five o'clock in the morning, sir?"

"Good Lord! The fish wouldn't be up!"

"Because I'm working all day, sir."

"I'll make that all right, Thomas."

Don't you worry. I shall need you to help carry my gear, anyhow. And by the way, you hang tight to that tip. Don't let them take it from you."

"I won't, sir," said Thomas fervently.

Duke wondered vaguely about the wisdom of his promise to take the boy fishing. To burden himself with the odd-job boy of the local inn was a fool thing to do. But the morning was glorious, and Mr. Crabb, by dint of astute bribery, was agreeable to Thomas being hired for the day, and Thomas himself was brushed and combed as sprucely as if he were going to a party. Duke thought the quiet of the river bunk might help him to solve his own problem. So he picked up the hamper he had ordered, and Thomas took the lines and bait, and the two set off.

Thomas, it appeared, knew a good deal more about fishing than Duke did. He led him to the best part of the river and instructed him on the kind of bait to use and the way to throw his line. Duke smiled his vague, charming smile and listened attentively to Thomas' earnest instructions, and then stretched full length on the mossy bank and yawned and said:

"You throw first, Thomas. I'm sleepy."

The kid's eyes lighted up again. He didn't say anything, but his small body was taut with eagerness. Duke thought amusedly that Thomas was hoping the heavens would fall if he didn't get a bite.

An hour passed. Duke found he couldn't think of his problem at all. He gazed up into the leafy branches and watched the flickering sunlight and dreamed pleasantly of a symphony that could express all of this—the lap-lap of the river, the call of an unseen bird, the dancing of the mottled leaf shadows, the interminable rustle and sigh of the wind. Once he fancied he saw Lee's laughing face caught in the tree branches above his head. But he must have been half asleep.

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5'3

Escape

"AND then, too, at first I thought it was only a question of the house. They wouldn't tell me anything—not even what I was charged with. They talked about a lot of things in what seemed an aimless way: You have lived in America and done so and so, you have come back here to sell your house."

"Did you have a lawyer?" "I had a lawyer, but I never had a chance to talk with him alone. And before all those other people I wasn't going to give away what they might not know."

"Oh," said Anna, nodding her head. "They kept asking me where I had put the money for the house," Emmy said. "I said here, of course. I thought they were only worried about that. They even let me have a witness. Yes, they let Fritz testify for me."

Anna knew about Fritz too. His was a name that cropped up continually in the family stories. It seemed that at first, when they were rich, when they went to America, he was the butler. He had been a young footman of Emmy's mother. As Emmy's fortunes declined, he became still something else; Anna couldn't quite make out what. Emmy would say, "So I sent Fritz to Mark's school, and he brought him to spend Christmas with me in Chicago," or "Fritz knew how to make a wonderful sour-cream sauce for venison," or "I borrowed fifty dollars from Fritz." But finally even Fritz had to leave them. He opened a little restaurant, failed at it, and then came back to his own country.

"So Fritz testified," she said. "What did he say?"

Emmy smiled. "He told them I had, to his knowledge, sold my house for a sum deposited in this country. He had witnessed the sale. The sum was small, he admitted, but he said I had no idea of the value of money. He went on to describe how easily I made it—merely for appearing on the stage! And how easily I spent it. He had often advised me, he told them, to put some by, but I wouldn't listen. I was an artist, he said, irresponsible, kind-hearted, a little weak in the head. He was what is known as a character witness!"

Anna gave a little laugh which turned into a cough, and they were silent again. Anna was wondering what Emmy had really done to be given a death sentence.

Emmy was a grander person than herself. It seemed strange to her that Emmy wasn't more haughty and secret. If they hadn't talked about Emmy's trial before, it was only because Emmy, in her weakness, thought most about her children. Now she was getting stronger and she had only a week to live. Anna could see that the stronger she got the less she wanted to die.

EMMY listened to be sure no one was just outside. No one was. Suddenly Emmy said quickly, "All the time I was in America I tried to keep out of it; I tried to close my mind; to say, 'It can't be true,' or, 'It will soon end.' But I couldn't. I thought if I didn't do something I would turn into corruption; I would die horribly—much more horribly than I shall die now."

"Yes, it's been bad over here," Anna said. "Times have been bad. But it seems nothing can be done about it."

"Plenty of people try," said Emmy. "Not enough, perhaps. And what they do is so small and so weak. Who really read those pamphlets, for instance? I mailed hundreds."

"Pamphlets?" Anna said.

"Yes, when they finally came to the matter of the pamphlets, my lawyer refused to go on with the case. Those poor, feeble pamphlets! He said I had deceived him and he hadn't expected to have to defend a traitor. Then they said to me, 'You see, we can't even get anyone to defend you.'"

They heard the tramp of men coming back from building the road across the swampy land. They knew it must be near noon and that presently their soup and black bread would be brought to them.

This they looked forward to; it meant something to do, and they felt the cold a little less with food in the stomach. They had only a thin blanket each and the March days were cold. They couldn't stop talking, and these forbidden things made a flickering warmth in the room.

Continued from Page 10

"But how did you dare to come back?" Anna whispered.

"I came because I had to have money. I had spent everything and Sabina was sick. I'd put up all I could to help people who wanted to get into America. I was broke."

"But you knew they might get you if you came back?"

"No, I didn't. I thought they had nothing against me. Besides, I only expected to come as far as Belgium."

"Brussels?"

"Yes. It was an ad. in a New York paper that started it. It said: 'If the dictators have tied up your property and investments in their countries, it is possible to exchange other properties with incomes up to fifty thousand dollars for same.' Then it gave a number to write to. That gave me the idea. But I should have known there was something queer about that advertisement."

She sighed impatiently. "I ought to have asked more questions," she said, as if she were explaining it to herself. "If I'd had anyone here to write to, I would have. But there was only Fritz. I was rather ashamed to ask Fritz."

"You didn't have any friends here?" Anna asked.

Emmy thought in silence for a moment. "I'm afraid the best friend I had is dead," she said. "It's six months since I heard from him. Yes, he must be dead. He and Fritz were the only two I ever wrote to. Think how long I've been gone!"

"You were lucky to have Fritz," Anna said.

"He was furious with me," Emmy said. "The first thing he said was,

I Sang My Songs

I sang my songs for all the world to hear!

Of tropic isles, and strange, wild nights at sea.

Of martial fire, and wonders far and near.

Of gay adventures that had happened me.

I was a minstrel on a King's Highway—

A gallant—with a lady's hand to win—

And there were none that dared to say me nay.

All doors were open; and I entered in.

They called this Fame! And yet—you sat apart.

The world acclaimed; but not your dreaming heart.

I sang my songs for all the world to hear.

You did not know that they were yours, alone!

Autumn is on the land, and leaves are sore—

My heart cries out for something of its own.

How shall you know that all my careless songs

Wing straight to you with yearning that is pain?

How shall you guess that my sore spirit longs

To lay its homage at your feet again?

—Gertrude Hart.

"Madame Ritter; you oughtn't to have come back," I said. I had to, Fritz. I'm broke." He raised his eyebrows and said very coldly, "Naturally." Then he took me to his niece's to board, and all the way there he scolded me for managing so badly. Still, I knew he'd do what he could."

"But you did sell it," Anna said. "Did you get the money?" She knew there are few things worse than losing money, no matter what high-flown things people like to say on the subject.

Emmy didn't answer. She wondered herself, day and night, whether, perhaps, Rieger, too, had got into trouble over the sale, whether he had been arrested, whether the money was deposited, whether Mark now had a fat cheque book in his hands, and whether he and Sabina and the widow of the physician and the little boy who played the violin were having steaks and milk and cake made with six eggs.

"I hope that Mark doesn't know," she said, "or Sabina. It would kill them."

Anna said, "If they knew, they might help you."

Please turn to Page 14



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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"How are you doing with your driving, Mopsy?"
 "Everything would be fine if only the road would turn when I do."

Some NEW LAUGHS



"Pardon me, madam, but you have knitted that last row in spaghetti."



OFFICER: See that man on the bridge, five miles away? Let him have a twelve-inch shell in the eye.
 GUNNER: Aye, aye, sir. Which eye, sir?



"But at such close range, there must have been powder-marks on his coat, Bones."
 "Exactly, my dear Blotson — that's why his wife shot him!"

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That was fifteen years ago. Steve today is a Salesman; married, living in a neat little home, but worried for his wife and children—and their future. Bill is now Sales Manager for a large firm, earning a big salary. He, too, is married.

ried, but he lives in a large house, in comfort, has a good bank balance, car, and that pleasant smile and outlook only security and comfort can bring.

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"Oh, he'd be delighted, if it's not taking up too much of your time," replied the mother, beaming.

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"Sales resistance!" said a bright child.

"Do you think women have more backbone than men?"
 "No—but they display more."

VISITOR (looking at boy): He has his father's eyes.

Fond Mother: And his mother's hair.

Little Boy: Yes; and his father's coat, his brother's trousers, and his cousin's socks.

"My wife talks to herself."
 "So does mine; only she doesn't know it."

"How's that?"
 "She thinks I'm listening to her."

HE: Will you marry me?
 HE: No, I'm afraid not.
 HE: Oh, come on. Be a support.

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Escape

Continued from Page 12

"Oh, no. I've thought of all that. What could they do? Write letters. Make protests. No. I did what I thought right to do and I must take what comes, and I want them out of it—Mark especially. He's the one who would do the foolish things, beat his head against a hundred iron walls. You will think I'm exaggerating, but I believe Mark is less fitted than anyone I know to help me now, and the truth is, I don't want him to be fitted. Sabina is different. Yes, given time, it is within the realm of possibility she might do something. But not now. She's too sick. And Mark would only get into dreadful trouble."

"After all, he's an artist," said Anna, accepting the family standard.

Emmy lay staring at the white ceiling. How do I know what Mark is capable of? she thought. I've spoiled him, perhaps. I've thought that unless he keeps to his own intense, original life, the virtue will go out of him. Apart from that life he's a helpless boy with a bad temper, a boy who sometimes drinks too much, who once wanted to marry that awful girl. What was her name?

No, but I'm right. His mind has its secret balance. Everything he sees and knows, every sensation, must be turned into the maximum of a painter's comprehension. It's always dangerous to be an artist, but it's more dangerous to stop being one.

But then how could he avoid guessing what's happened?

The house was sold and, perhaps, the money deposited. The long silence. He knew, too, about the pamphlets—not much, but a little. And then if Fritz posted the letter

"Oh, I wish I hadn't written that letter!" she said despairingly.

"What letter?" Anna's eyes came open suddenly.

"The one I gave Fritz just after he gave evidence for me. It happened I had a moment's talk with him in a little waiting-room off the court. It happened, too, that for about five minutes before, I was sitting with no one watching me. I had a scrap of paper that had come round an aspirin bottle and on my wrist a little gold pencil on a chain that hadn't been taken away from me yet. I was beginning to be frightened. I wrote a note to Mark. When Fritz came in, I took his hand and slipped the note up his cuff. I oughtn't to have written it. It showed I was afraid. When Mark and Sabina know it, at least they mustn't think

I was afraid. I shouldn't have written it. I can't bear to think of it."

Anna had a bad coughing fit. When it was over she lay back speechless. So many forbidden things they'd talked about! Their words were so full of danger they were exhausting. She was prostrated with fatigue.

"Don't think, Emmy," Anna whispered. "It makes it so much worse."

Emmy didn't answer and Anna sighed and closed her eyes again.

When the train crossed the river Mark half expected to make a definite passage into darkness, but it was like crossing any river. On the other side, the reddish fields, patched with late snow, were like those he had left. The same bare trees grew in an orderly manner, the houses were alike, even the people waiting as they drew up to the station might, at first glance, have been brothers of those on the other side.

When the train stopped, it was exceedingly quiet.

A man passing down the corridor spoke the new language. "Those with trunks in the luggage van," he said, "must go into the station for Customs examination."

A few passengers got off the train. Two men in uniform made their way slowly down the train, examining passports. Mark felt for his in his breast pocket, took it out, then put it back again.

There was only one other passenger in his compartment, a middle-aged man, fat, with a big gold watch chain across his stomach. On one fat finger was a ring with a red stone in it. This man had been asleep and snoring most of the afternoon. Now he was awake. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his face, then a little comb and ran it through his stiff hair. He adjusted his ring on his finger several times and yawned.

The men in uniform stood in the doorway. "Please," they said, bowing. "your passports." They were very courteous. They looked at Mark's, stamped it and gave it back.

Some of the passengers whose trunks had been examined were straggling back to the train. Two women in milk coats, obviously Americans, walked past and got in to a first-class carriage.

Another man in uniform came to the door. He wanted to see their money. That went off all right, too. Mark showed what he had and got a receipt for it. And then came another man to open the luggage. Mark had only one case, holding a few clothes and a big tin box of oil paints and brushes.



IT IS POSSIBLE to defy the snowiest weather in this knitted suit, which features a novel beige-and-cinnamon striped jacket with a sleek cinnamon skirt.

and some canvas in a roll, wood for a stretcher. These caused no difficulty; he had only brought them for the effect, for "face," and so that was over, too.

Everything seemed to be settled, but the train didn't start. He got up again and leaned out of the window. A man in uniform was making signals with his arms. The train began to move slowly. He closed the window, sat down and took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

It was just then that the horror came over him; not the horror of putting himself in a trap, but the horror of forcing himself to realise at last, by sight and contact, the existence of what, after all, he had never yet materialised and had therefore believed only in one part of himself.

The man opposite him was staring at him with a heavy, curious stare. He could feel it as he looked out of the window trying to see the landscape in the last of the rich sunset haze.

"Your first visit here?" the man asked.

Mark started, and was furious with himself for starting.

"Yes," he said carefully, "my first visit."

"But you speak the language," the man said.

"I studied it. And my family came from here."

"Ah, no," the man said.

Mark thought: The fellow sees there is something queer about me.

"You're an artist?" the man said. Perhaps it's only that, he thought.

"Oh, yes, I paint," he said carelessly.

"I saw your paints," the man said; "then I knew you were an artist."

Bright of you. He turned and tried to smile heartily at the man.

"Lovely country," he said, making a sign toward the window.

"Oh, yes," the man said, and added: "I am a watch salesman; I travel France, Holland, and Belgium."

"Pretty big territory to cover."

"Yes, it's too much, really, for one man, especially as we do a lot of business. It's tiring. I'm gone

three months. It's good to get back."

"But travel is interesting, isn't it? Broadens the mind?" Is this too obvious? he thought. "You see how other people's lives and think I mean, perhaps they aren't so different after all."

"Yes, we are different," the man said. "Different races. The pure races are filled with idealism, honesty and strength."

"Well, that's just fine, isn't it?"

The man nodded. "The French, for instance, are a mixed race," he said. "What follows? It follows that they are hybrid, with a hybrid intellectuality. The French as a race suffer from schizophrenia. Schizophrenia means a split personality."

"Yes, we use that word too."

"You see it in their politics. They have nearly fifty political parties in France. Here we have only one."

"Yes, that's right."

The man fingered his watch-chain and contemplated Mark in silence.

"You are not interested in politics?" he said finally.

"No, not really. I suppose I don't understand it." After this he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep. But he needn't have bothered with the man, for he got off at the next station, and he probably was, after all, only a salesman.

The names of the towns, which seemed to him strangely close together, were all familiar to him. It was curious to see these names—names he had heard all his life—embedded like rich nuggets in the family talk—big black letters now on railway stations in the dark.

At one station he opened the window to look out and saw, directly below him, a man in a black uniform looking up at him. The man's eyes were fiery blue and intent. It seemed almost that the man recognised him, had come there on purpose to see him and to ask him something.

Mark looked up and down the platform nervously, and finally signalled to a man with a little pushcart and bought a package of cigarettes. When the train pulled out, he felt he had had a narrow escape, and he had another moment of strangeness and fear.

(To be continued).

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Wolves descend on the moving picture industry

Nobody ordered them, but they turn up to make a good story

Hollywood has had its fair share of publicity in fiction—in fact, the average novel reader should know more about the U.S. movie industry than the people who get their bread and butter from it.

The English film studios, on the other hand, have been exploited very little by the fictioneers. Jeffrey Dell now comes along with "Nobody Ordered Wolves" to remedy this position.

MR. DELL should know the industry he satirises so entertainingly. An airman turned solicitor turned playwright turned scenario writer, he has worked with several of the leading English motion picture companies, and has made full use of a very observant pair of eyes.

Indeed, considering that his hero Phillip Hardcastle is introduced as a young solicitor who has had a couple of plays produced in the West End theatres—remember that Mr. Dell is both a solicitor and a playwright—it is hard not to conclude that this book is burlesqued autobiography.

Incredible as the characters and scenes of "Nobody Ordered Wolves"

may seem, judging by stories that have seeped out from Hollywood and the British studios the author's exaggeration, for the purpose of satire, is not extreme.

Eccentricity is the conventional thing in the movie industry, and the man or woman who would be considered normal in everyday life would appear abnormal in the glare of the Kleig lights.

Cigar and script

NAPOLEON BOTT, Colossus of British films, the producer who has never finished a picture for fear of drying up the financial wells from which his millions are drawn, is a magnificently mad fellow. As his creator describes him in the early pages of the book . . .

"An arresting figure with an im-

mense clear stroke in and swept the group with the massive lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses. The first thing one noticed about him was the noble mane of red hair which swept back from his broad forehead.

"As with so many Russians, his age was difficult to guess. He might have been anything from forty to sixty. The handsome face conveyed an impression of overwhelming fatigue, and the eyes, though bright, looked infinitely old. This smile, which looked benevolent in the extreme, flashed on and off with the suddenness of an electric sign."

"Hello, ole boy, you want to see me?" is his usual mode of greeting. He never pauses for a reply.

The fascinating technique by which Napoleon Bott drags millions out of "the city" is one of the entertainment highlights of the novel, his spectacular bankruptcy its dramatic climax.

The whole band of characters met by the ingenious Hardcastle are amusing—actresses, camera-men, publicity officers, property men, extras, directors, and writers.

There is an excellent scene in which Phillip, after months of idleness at £2000 a year, attends his first story conference. Present are Napoleon Bott, Vashka Petrovitch, director "who has just returned from the East with several thousand feet of negative, two monkeys, and almost every tropical disease it is possible to collect," another Russian, the fat Pavlov, and Phillip. The time of the conference, 2 a.m.

Angry scenes

PETROVITCH "had several days' growth of beard, and from his lips projected a clinical thermometer. On a table at his side stood three medicine bottles, some vodka, and a bowl of sugar."

The clashes between Mr. Bott and the temperamental Petrovitch are uproarious. The latter objects to one of Napoleon's suggestions.

"You do what you are told," Bott says, shortly. "What do you think you're paid for?"

"Petrovitch was quite unmoved. Without the least trace of resentment he remarked quietly to the bookshelf: 'I don't make gangster pictures.'"

"But Mr. Bott had heard and Phillip saw his face go white.

"You make what pictures I tell you to make!" he yelled so loudly that Phillip jumped.

"No!" said Vashka sullenly to the bookshelf."

An orgy of shouting, gesticulation, and abuse follows. It ends in Petrovitch withdrawing thermometer in mouth. As the door closes behind him,

"He's crazy," remarked Mr. Bott mildly. Phillip was amazed to see that he was once more smiling and in the best of tempers. Work was resumed with a swing."

The wolves from which the book gets its title provide a motif as mad as any in modern fiction. Originally there are nine of them. Nobody in the studio will admit to having ordered them.

At one stage, a scenario is even written for them, so that they may be transformed from a liability into an asset, but this, being a good scenario, is naturally thrown away. Then, to everybody's consternation, it is found that the nine wolves have become thirty-seven. This horrible news provokes a spectacular law suit.

These wolves, in fact, cause so much drama that they pave the way for Napoleon Bott's financial Waterloo.

Like most satire, "Nobody Ordered Wolves" can't be adequately treated in a review. The flavor of it can only be captured by reading it.

People who like laughing will find it to their taste.

"Nobody Ordered Wolves," by Jeffrey Dell, (Heinemann).



A VERY GOOD BOY: New York schoolteachers nominated the boy above as the ideal pupil. His name is not revealed at his own request. "Being a good boy is hard to live down!" he said.

WINTER WARNING! Underarms perspire all year 'round



Wise girls never risk offending. In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely woollen dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odour! Even when she sees no moisture, a smart girl knows there's danger of odour. And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! In spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odour impossible. With Mum you're always nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum prevents underarm odour. A bath removes only past perspiration but Mum prevents odour to come. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet.

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Get Mum to-day, and know that you're always charming!

Get Mum from all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!

IMAGINE THINKING WINTER MAKES YOU SAFE FROM ODOUR. WARM CLOTHES ACTUALLY MAKE ODOUR WORSE.

TO HERSELF: THIS ROOM IS WARM—BUT I NEEDN'T WORRY. MUM KEEPS ME FRESH.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM: Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

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Give us the softest, finest texture possible.

Make your Powder really cling for hours and hours.

Keep that Glareproof idea—it's marvellous!

Give us a wide choice of skin tones.



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Pond's went out and asked thousands of Australian women just like yourself, to say which features they wanted most in their face powder. They said: "Give us a face powder that 1. Has the softest, finest texture it's possible to make. 2. Really clings for hours and hours. 3. Is glareproof, so that it flatters the skin in bright sunshine or under glaring electric light. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones."



Now here it is, the face powder with all these qualities you asked for Pond's new improved Face Powder. Just try it yourself—six smart shades, and the price is only 1/6 and 2/6 at all stores and chemists.

Pond's New Improved Powder. Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store.

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• **ADELAIDE AIRWOMAN** Elizabeth Bronner looks rather like actress Marlene Dietrich when she dines at Prince's with Don Malcolm Reid.



• **LEAVING ST. MARK'S** after christening of Wang Osbornes' second son, Stephen Shaun . . . Mrs. Don Mackay (left) and Nancy Heath, godmother. They're off to celebration party.



• **THEIR TOAST IS "US"** . . . Margot Rathven and Howard Craven celebrate their engagement by supping a deux.



• **MARION JOHNS** all dressed up for her leading role in "School for Scandal," presented by S.U.D.S.

In Riverina style . . .

THERE'S something about a soldier . . . so I fly to Wagga for dance given at local golf club as welcome home to Light Horsemen after their three months in camp. Melbourne's Mary Luxton does likewise.

Regimental theme song, "The Riverina Boys Are Happy," is played so often everybody's whistling it. Incidentally . . . feminine guests are not amused when they hear these words: "Wagga girls declare we're the answer to their prayer."

Helen Martin is one of Wagga lovelies present . . . all Old-World in shot-blue taffeta. Helen Davidson dances by in white floral satin, Pam Wilson in monk-like crepe.

House of Horsley is represented by the Lach Horsleys, Joan, Meg, and Mabel, who with Isa Cullen was hon. organiser.

Party breaks up towards dawn. Before then I say hello to the Bill Whiteheads, Jack Frasers, Graeme Austins, Hertford Weedons, Ken Drummonds, Dorothy and Margot Kelsall, Flo Mitchell.

Music and furs . . .

JOIN in throng which stands round platform and clamor for more from Yehudi Menuhin after his first recital. Marvellous reception he gets . . . seems he's more popular than ever since he married Australian Nola Nicholas and became an adoring father.

And how adoring he is! Conversation between sonatas is mostly family and how he hopes there'll soon be sleepers on our trains so they can join him.

Foyer simply drips with furs during interval. Notice, too, that beneath a few glamorous, chunky coats are worn homely cardigans to combat Town Hall temperature.

Mrs. John Bronowski's blue fox coat is knee-length. Laurie Arnott's silver fox is adorned with mauve orchid. Lady Paul's long coat is super ermine, and a lamb or two went into the making of Mrs. Gwynneth Paul's boxy.

Deetje Andriesse dons a grey cloth skull-cap to match her beaded jacket. Dorothy Wrigley's full-length black-and-pink floral coat is of corded silk. Joan Waterhouse and Faith Onslow are others of smart audience.

Romantic surprises . . .

SIX feet four, dark and handsome is Sergeant Bill Wells of the A.I.F., who married Sheila McDonald in Brisbane a week or so ago. Sheila steals march on all her friends by dashing off to Brisbane, ostensibly for a holiday, and marries Bill two days later.

Even her best friends weren't told . . . but I hear they had a fair idea as the newlyweds have been a consistent twosome since they first met early this year.

More surprise romance comes from Melbourne. Betty Fogarty, who hitherto has spent much time in Sydney, announces she's off to India to marry Major Tom Edwards, of Exeter.

She met Tom a few months ago at Bowral Golf Club dance. He returned to India a fortnight later.

Not only is Betty surprising friends by the news, but also respective families.

Gainsborough bride . . .

BETH HOPE goes all different and dispenses with traditional tulle veil when she marries John Fyfe at St. Andrew's, Roseville. With her Old-World white satin taffeta bridal frock she wears a small Gainsborough hat of same material, draped with ostrich plume.

Bridesmaid Coralie Scarr also dresses in the Gainsborough manner.

Country guests who come to town for wedding include aunts, Misses Enid, Lillian, and Helen Hope (Forbes), cousins, Warren and Jack Hope (Ganmain).

Come out to play . . .

PALM BEACH life-savers and belles emerge from winter hibernation for annual dance at Rose's, York Street.

The ballroom is tropical in all but temperature. Carloads of rain-drenched banana palm leaves and poinsettia are brought from Careel Bay by Shirley Piat, and arranged with assistance from Lorrie and Moya Barnes.

Brief Hawaiian swim suits of summer are replaced with lovely flowing chiffons and satins. Cynthia Butler tells me her off-shoulder, pale blue sheer, sprinkled with silver, started life as an Indian sari. With Betty Oxenham she hostesses party including club captain Brian Oxenham, Ginette Scamps, Tom Jackson, Peter Glanville.

Joan McWilliam swishes down the stairs in white taffeta decorated with colored stripes. Sheila Goodall also in white printed with gay colors.

Genial John Ralston arrives close on heels of the Des Carrs, Fred Wolfs, Joe Wilkinsons.

Other "regulars" I spy are Kitty Hay, Bunty Broadway, Shirley Arnott, Arthur Browning, Pete Hunter, Lyn Armitage, Dick Hunt.

Parties daily . . .

BEST man Chisholm. Cutts, of Inverell, and hosts of other country folk in town this week for wedding of Millicent Sherwood to Arthur Dunlop. Kevin O'Hanlons coming from Quirindi; John and Ted Shannon, from Merriwa; Charles Lonergans, from Gulgong; Hugh Dunlops, from Warialda.

Bride much feted at parties every day for fortnight before wedding . . . hostesses include Mesdames Alf Rainbow, Charles Sherwood, M. Cassidy, Stan Carroll, and E. Cable, who gave "gadget luncheon" at Avalon home. Idea is come to luncheon and bring a gadget.

Heard around town . . .

TO celebrate Russian Easter, Olga Philipoff has sent eggs to Sydney friends—real, hard-boiled ones. It's an old Russian custom.

Rewena Bray has arrived in America aboard ketch Ahto. She's saying farewell to Estonian owners and going sightseeing before returning to Australia.

Daphne Harpur is playing at Blind Institution bridge party this Wednesday in aid of blinded soldiers and Braille Library.

Mrs. Gordon Walker, of Cootamundra, is singing professionally in Sydney social restaurant while her husband is in camp.



• **"IS MY HAT STRAIGHT?"** says Mrs. Bert Field when she arrives at Pickwick Club party for Ann Suttor. Ann marries Ken Ross this Wednesday at Bathurst.



• **CIGARETTE** for Joan Peacock (left) at Minerva matinee for Food for Babies Fund. Busy committee member Margaret Christmas oblige.



• **CHERRY VELVET** and furs are donned by Mrs. Bill Harvey for Junior Blind Auxiliary dance. Arriving at Prince's with Keith Collier.



• **RETOUCHING.** Phyllis Wells gets ready to parade the latest in she wear at the Trocadero in aid of Army Medical Corps comforts.

An Editorial

MAY 18, 1940.

STAND FIRM FOR VICTORY!



THE withdrawal of British forces from Southern Norway was a shock to Australia.

Close on the shouts of naval victory came the realisation that our land troops were unable to hold up the German advance; air bases could not be built in the difficult snow country and England was fighting without her Air Force.

Withdrawal in such circumstances was sensible and saved thousands of lives.

Now that the situation has settled down and we can get a true perspective of affairs in Norway, two points emerge for clarification:

(1) Why weren't we told the truth earlier?

(2) Is the Empire Parliament waging the war with the dash and determination that characterised our efforts against the same enemy in 1918?

While this article is being written England is grappling with these problems and we are about to enter a second and grimmer phase of the war.

There is no panic, there is no fear of ultimate defeat, only a determination that there must be no more blunders and there must be no foolish concealing of unpalatable facts, which only emerge more harshly the longer they are unrevealed.

The quickest way to destroy our morale is to act as though we hadn't any.

The peoples of the Empire are thinking ahead of their present leaders. They look for the resourceful use of the huge and deadly fighting strength of the Empire. Instead we have been getting a lot less than our full potential effort.

Foolish over-confidence can be as dangerous as a fifth column in our own ranks.

Phrases like "England loses every battle but the last" can be deadly in the suggestion that we can muddle through.

Muddle won't win this war; only superb and efficient organisation can do this.

We needn't quibble in calling Norway a defeat because it has given us much more than a

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Bouquets for A.I.F.

RUMORS that the first contingent of the A.I.F. that went abroad caused £3000 worth of damage to the troopships have cast a totally unwarranted slur on the behaviour of Australian soldiers.

In fact the men were so well behaved that the companies whose ships were used to transport the troops have been sending unsolicited verbal bouquets to the defence authorities.

One company said that their ship was in better condition when the A.I.F. handed it back than when they took it over.

Another said that only minor repairs were needed, and that the damage was a mere nothing compared with the damage and souveniring that occur during a peace-time tourist cruise.

Boots, boots, boots

IF you want to know which man in the army wears the biggest hat, or which man wears the biggest boots, ask a quartermaster.

Sergeant Tom Wharton, of Rockhampton, who is in charge of all the equipment—uniforms, hats, tin helmets, pyjamas, everything from respirators to spare buttons for some hundreds of men—tells me that the average size in boots is 8 or 9.

Quite a few among the men six feet tall and over wear size elevens.

Smallest feet he's fitted with army boots belong to Pte. MacAnally, of Queensland, who wears size fours.

Expensive leave

A CORPORAL . . . I am naming no names . . . recently returned from three days' A.W.L. He was fined £2 . . . docked three days' pay.

"But that's not the half of it," he confided to me. "I was pinched twice for speeding in a car, hit a post with it, causing £20 worth of damage which I'll have to pay, and," he added, with surprise still in his voice, "I got married."

temporary setback in a feat of arms.

It has welded the Empire together in a determination to put the last ounce of effort into winning the war.

—THE EDITOR.

They also serve

BLIND people have already proved their value to the wartime community by guiding people in England's blackouts.

Britain also has fifty blind men employed as air-raid detectors, a job they do particularly well because of their sensitive hearing.

Now the New Zealand Blinded Soldiers' Association has offered the services of its members as listeners in the event of enemy planes threatening New Zealand.

Winnie the war winner



"OH! PINEAPPLES."

Toys helped

LAST Christmas there was a rush on toy soldiers, but they were not all bought for children's stockings.

Many went to various camps in Australia to be used in demonstrating tactical moves and manoeuvres.

Incidentally, toy ships belonging to a little English boy played a vital part in the first great naval engagement off Norway.

Observers of the Fleet Air Arm learned to distinguish different types of Nazi warships by studying toy models.

The models were originally bought as a present for the godson of one of the instructors at H.M.S. Daedalus, training base of the Fleet Air Arm.

The women of Norway flee from Nazis

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

ONCE again has begun the pitiable trek of women, children, and aged men from the shadow of the swastika.

These tragic refugee marches have become part of the routine life of Europe.

This time it is the Norwegian people, who have lived in peace for 150 years, who are fleeing with terror-stricken glances skyward, and who cower in roadside ditches.

They press their bodies to the snow-covered earth as the Nazi bombers roar overhead with machine-guns chattering.

A graphic account of the conditions in Norway was given to me by Major Sunder, former manager of an Oslo bank.

Travelling on a British warship, he has reached London on a military mission.

"I saw the Germans come to Oslo and take over the city," he said.

"The population was unable to understand the significance of the invasion, as it was thought at first that the Government had agreed to the occupation."

"The people stood back bewildered for three days."

"Then it became known gradually that the Army was resisting, and that railways and roads between the capital and other towns were being cut."

"I must pay tribute to the work of the Norwegian women."

"Only since the lesson learned from Finland had our Lottas switched from their peace-time social work to train for the possibility of war, but they made great progress."

Splendid organisation

WHEN they realised that the German invasion was imminent they calmly began organising the evacuation of the children and old people.

"Stealthily they began to get them out of the capital under the very eyes of the Germans."

"I had been instructed to come to England, but by this time all the roads and railways were cut, so I had to ski every mile of the way northward to the fjord where I boarded the British warship."

"Everywhere I encountered streams of people carrying babies and hastily improvised bundles of household goods."

"They were uprooting themselves to flee for their lives from peaceful villages where their families had lived for generations."

"I passed through villages where the Royal Government had been on its flight."

"In every case these were absolutely destroyed, and only blackened ruins were left. The work of the Lottas was invaluable in preventing panic and organising orderly evacuation."

"They also made provision for the acceptance of refugees in other homes."

"All the schools are closed, but already the Lottas are beginning to improvise schools in outlying districts which it is hoped that the Nazi bombers will not visit."

"Some of these heroic women have not slept for days, as the swift German advance forced the refugees to leave districts where they had first sought refuge."

"Now that the first bewilderment has passed, women of the Lottas are becoming efficiently organised on a wartime basis."

"They are bringing order out of the first chaos."

"It is an heroic if heartbreaking sight to see these young women, billeted and bronzed by the snow and sun, shepherding children through the forests and over the mountains, to improvised camps."

"In Norway, as in Finland and elsewhere, women are showing indomitable courage, calmness and fortitude to face the ruthless German aggression," said Major Sunder.



DOGS are now "going to the dogs" in CHIC HATS



Why not brighten up our animals and make them fashionable?

Now I've got to write about new fashions in millinery—fashions for dogs.

It's a wonder I haven't gone utterly sissy and developed ringworms in my back hair. No! Wait till I think. Ringers. I'll think of it in a minute. Ringlets! That's the word I was trying to think of.

ANYHOW, Greer Garson, who has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, has had a duplicate of her latest hat made for her dog, "Jo-Jo."

That's all very well, but I have reached that dangerous age when I'll have a go at anything. So don't be surprised to hear of me becoming a

famous dog milliner.

It's not as easy as it sounds, because the average dog wouldn't be found dead in some of the contrivances I've seen described as hats.

The last row I had at home was about a hat. We were going to the pictures and she put on this new hat.

It looked as if someone had slapped her on the forehead with a bunch of parsley. Naturally, I refused to be seen near it.

And yet I've noticed a strange thing about women and hats. Give

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

a woman a new hat and she's a new woman. Wants to go places and do things and dash around generally.

If dogs must wear hats, I must that they be sensible and suitable. For instance, a bulldog would look silly in a straw hat, whereas a bowler hat would add that touch of solid British dignity which every bulldog should have.

Straw hats would be all right for French poodles, as a precedent has been established by Maurice Chevalier.

Cows would be very hard to design for. Apart from the way their ears stick out, there's the horns to be allowed for. A modified turban with a moose might do. The horns tinted to match, of course.

I am very sorry to note that veils seem to have gone out of fashion. There is something intriguing and alluring about a veil. What's more, they keep the flies off your face.

Millinery designers need new blood or extra vitamins or something. Every now and then they reproduce a Dolly Varden or a Nell Gwyn hat or a picture hat with everything on it but vegetable marrow. The same old stuff.

The Red Indians had the correct idea. A real good hat with feathers sticking up all over it. They wore this until they were scalped. Then, of course, they didn't need a hat.

Hope for the future

BY the way, I am still trying to find out what a snood is. It's some kind of a hat or something.

I can imagine some visitor walking into the designer's studio and saying, "Struth! What's that?"

Caught off his guard, the designer says, "It's a—er—ah—it's a snood."

"What the devil's a snood?"
"Well—er—it's a snoodesign. Snood."

I'm sure that's how these things happen.

The gentleman who draws the picture illustrating this article says he wants to draw an elephant. Now, I am known in the Chancelleries of Europe as Likeable Lennie, the Lad with the Lightning Left.

I have a great facility for invention, a nimble mind, and at the moment a bad attack of indigestion.

But despite all these qualifications I cannot think of hats and elephants in the same breath, so to speak.

The ears of the elephant might be folded over the head, perhaps, or one ear stretched so that it stayed erect. But the trouble is, I haven't an elephant with me at the moment, so I am unable to experiment.

Middle-Aged—But Vital

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. A progressive decline of vital powers results. End this by taking COLOSEPTIC. Cleansing the colon of poisons and clogging waste. COLOSEPTIC then feeds precious, life-giving minerals to the starved blood-stream, and so re-invigorates your entire system. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney. ***

L. W. LOWER on his way to the office with the occupants of his fashionable kennels.

(A lady has entered with a cup of tea. A new girl, it seems. It is the Boss's tea as I can see by the plate of biscuits accompanying it. I shall drink his tea and eat his biscuits. It's the rebel spirit coming out in me. I suppose. There'll be trouble about this. But what do I care?)

Getting back to the fashion business: You know, I hate doing this stuff because all the boys at the club say, "Hullo, Leonardo!" when I walk in. It knocks all the enamel off one's masculine dignity.

I predict a swing to severe, plain hats for women.

This is against all so-called expert

opinion, as women are supposed to become more frivolous in their millinery when war and suchlike disturbances are on.

You will see shortly the Black-out hat, the Comforts Fund bonnet, and the Guns-Before-Butter beret.

You might remember, too, that metal ornaments are not worn by the best people these days.

When you buy your next hat, remove any metal decoration it may have on it, and sling it in the box provided. It may come in useful in Norway or some other place.

Men call her:
The girl with the Beautiful Skin!



YOU, too, can have that smooth, lovely complexion that attracts and holds the attention of men—if you follow the lead of thousands of smart women throughout the world and use Kathleen Court's world-famous "Facial Youth." A complete beauty treatment in itself because it contains the costly Viscal ingredient that both nourishes and rejuvenates the facial tissues, removing the cause of dryness and wrinkles, making the skin soft and supple, smooth and youthful. As a powder base, too, Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth" is unrivalled, preventing shininess and holding the powder for hours. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in handy sized tubes (1/3 and 1/4) or jars, 2/4—see direct from Miss Kathleen Court herself, Shell House, Carrington Street, Sydney.

"FACIAL YOUTH"
TUBES, 1/3.

Kathleen Court's Night Cream, Jars, 2/4.

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★

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Kathleen Court
Supreme aids to LOVELINESS



Kathleen Court's Golden-Youth "Velvet Skin" Face Powder... to give your skin that ideal lovely pink-moist touch. 1/3, 2/6.

Kathleen Court's Spirit Lipstick in shades of Imperial, Royal Tan, Sphero, Cherry, Glamazon, Cyclamen, Rouge et Noir, 2/6.

Kathleen Court's Rose Petal Range, a special creation that blends perfectly, gives your cheeks the soft bluish-pink. 1/9.

Kathleen Court's Henna Soap—brings out the natural tints and silken loveliness of your hair. Sachets, 7d.

DO YOU KNOW?

SKULL CHIPPED TO CURE TOOTHACHE!
NATIVE SURGEONS OF CONGATRU CURED TOOTHACHE AND NEURALGIA BY CHIPPING SMALL PIECES OF BONE OUT OF THEIR PATIENTS' SKULLS! WE KNOW TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY BY KEEPING TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—AND SPARKLING.

WOLVES' TEETH FOR CHILDREN
LADY WENTWORTH IN A LETTER TO HER SON LORD STAFFORD, SPOKE OF THE EFFICACY OF WOLVES' TEETH IN CUTTING THEIR SET IN GOLD TO ASSIST CHILDREN IN CUTTING THEIR TEETH. "THEY ARE VERY LUCKY THINGS. FOR OF MY TWO FIRST ONE DID DIE, AND THE OTHER, BECAUSE HIS VERY ILL, BUT NONE OF YE REST DID BECAUSE I HAD ONE FOR ALL THE REST."

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 and 2/6

YOU MUST KILL THE DEADLY BACTERIA THAT LIVE IN YOUR MOUTH!
DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DENTAL DECAY IS CAUSED BY BACTERIA THAT LIVE IN YOUR MOUTH. THESE BACTERIA CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS STOPS BACTERIAL MOUTH BY REMOVING BACTERIAL MOUTH RIGHT DOWN TO THE GUMS. KOLYNOS SURGICALLY CLEANS WITH KOLYNOS, CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. YOU NEED ONLY 1/2 IN DRY BRUSH.

How to make darkened BLONDE HAIR 2-4 shades lighter!



No injurious dyes or bleaches

When blonde hair darkens, your outstanding charm and personality fades. Lost is your distinctiveness—you become "one of the crowd." Don't just sigh and do nothing about it. STA-BLOND will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter at once—in a gentle, natural way that brings back its former irresistible, ravishing lustre and beauty that even admires. Blondes whose hair has darkened... blondes who want to prevent their hair darkening... for all natural fair hair... there is only one shampoo—STA-BLOND. It is made specially for YOU. Get a packet today—economical—enough for 2 shampoos.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES' OWN SHAMPOO

Betty's "racey" narratives

Raising thoroughbreds is a hobby for millionaires

By BETTY GEE

Raising thoroughbreds must be a fascinating pursuit. Granpappy says he knows one man who started with six mares to breed from as a hobby, and now he has over 50. And he knows another one who has over 200 brood mares!

I suppose it sort of grips your interest, and like the collector you go on acquiring. That is, of course, if you've got the money.

I HEARD a big breeder say once that every time he sees a high-quality filly or mare he itches to buy it, but, of course, he's almost a millionaire.

He can visualise the sleek creature as the mother of a champion performer of the Turf who will win two-year-old classics, the Derbies, and a Melbourne Cup.

When you pay a visit to one of the big breeding studs and you see the fat, contented brood mares happily

grazing in sylvan glades with their long-legged foals prancing round them, it makes you think that theirs is not an unhappy existence.

They are rugged or housed when it's cold, and they have their long tails to swat the flies when it's hot. Grooms wait on them like princesses.

They see their foals gallop in herds up and down the paddocks at full speed and take comfort in the thought that their racing days are long over. They need never go out of a trot any more.

They produce their little offspring every year, nurse and feed it for eight or nine months till it is weaned, and then discard all sign of motherly love.

They don't have to worry whether the youngster grows into a handsome yearling and brings 1000 guineas or only 50, or whether he is a success as a racehorse or a dud.

There are numbers of quality mares in every State whose progeny only have to grow into nice yearlings and a bid of anything from 500gns. to 1000gns. is certain. Perhaps more.

It is a tragedy for the breeder when a mare proves a disappointment at the stud. Look at the mother of Ajax!

She has had only two other babies in nine years of breeding. Imagine the value of a brother to Ajax raised each year.

Her name is Medmenham. She came all the way from England.

Recently she was sold to dissolve a partnership, and A.J.C. Committeeman Mr. Alfred Thompson, a part-owner of Ajax, gave 400gns. for her at auction. "I bought her for sentiment's sake," he told his friends, and he added that whether she continued to produce foals or not she would always remain in the best paddocks at his stud at Widden, Kerra-bee.

Luxury existence

APART from the luxury of their happy existence, brood mares enjoy nice trips and occasional change of scene.

Some mares are imported from England and get special stalls built on the deck of the ship to bring them the 12,000 miles to Australia.

Mr. Percy Miller, of Kia Ora, Scone, has the biggest family of brood mares among the studs of Australia. There are just over 200 of them.

Imagine the job of looking after so many.

You'd forget some of their names, and who the fathers of their foals are, wouldn't you? But he doesn't. They don't carry name-plates round with them, you know, but he recognises them all on sight.

They browse through life in their well-grassed paddocks in the Upper Hunter Valley, and produce sufficient foals annually to put about 100 colts and fillies into the yearling market every Easter.

Last Easter his 100 yearlings brought a total of £25,562. So Mr. Miller's large family of thoroughbreds are not unprofitable.

This Saturday we return to racing at the new Canterbury track.

The baker says that Connetta will win the Nursery Handicap. An extra smart one this.

Forward for the Members' Flying Handicap should, I am told, collect the prize. Here's a special tip: Bona Fide for the Progressive. It comes to you from the syndicate.

Cryon is in two races. He looks a good thing for whichever one he starts in.



DREAM DRESS for a debutante. Off-the-shoulder style in cream glazed chintz emblazoned with brilliant flowers.

I COULD BUY A
FUR COAT WITH THE
MONEY STOCKINGS
COST ME!

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cuts down
ladders

Nightly Luxing saves ladders! Saves stocking elasticity so threads give—won't snap under strain.

LUX stockings straight after wearing. On the second day's wear stockings have lost elasticity—ladders pop. So Lux stockings after every wearing. Beware of harsh cake soap rubbing that weakens silk threads. Use only gentle Lux. It pays!



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The PALING VICTOR REFRIGERATOR



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FREE!

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THEN ONLY FROM 4/11 PER WEEK

(If installed in area served by Sydney County Council)

Palings

BW.2251 · 338 GEORGE STREET SYDNEY

FILMY... and designed to flatter



• Filmy frock of twilight silk chiffon printed with flowers in deep jewel tonings. The whirling circular skirt flows from a deep blue velvet corselette. High neckline and demure sleeves are gathered.



• Bouffant gown of black marquisette, with deep hem and insertion of white lace. Lace flowers over shoulder.



• On a simple frock of pale rose mousseline, Schiaparelli introduces a lavish garnishing of soft green ribbon flowers with a scattering of glistening mother-of-pearl shells. Wrist-length gloves of pink with the same trim.



• For dancing and dining sheers are universally popular. The lass at the extreme left is wearing a frock of madonna-blue chiffon with long bodice, elaborately shirred. Her friend favors a gracefully simple frock of black sheer, worn with barbaric gold jewellery.



3 simple steps

The ERASMIC Home Beauty Treatment

There's no magic way to have a clear, soft, fresh complexion—but the commonsense way is the Erasmic Home Beauty Treatment. Three lovely Erasmic products, matched with infinite care to fill all your skin's needs. Three simple steps in a quick daily beauty routine to be followed faithfully.

① Cleansing

Cleanse your skin thoroughly and often. Use Erasmic Cold Cream because its special fine oils penetrate deeper into the pores and float out all dust, old make-up and impurities. Apply liberally—leave on 2 or 3 minutes only.

ERASMIC Cold Cream



② Foundation

After cleansing, always apply Erasmic Vanishing Cream—before going out, to hold your powder smoothly and protect your skin from sun and wind. Near at bedtime, to restore softness and freshness overnight. Smooth a fine film evenly over face and throat with your fingertips.

ERASMIC Vanishing Cream



③ Finish

To look a picture of smooth, well-groomed loveliness, finish with delicate Erasmic Face Powder in your own lovely shade—Rochel, Brunette, Peach, Sunset or Natural.

ERASMIC Face Powder



THE NEW JACKET SUITS



• The new "longer" jacket that starts off double breasted and changes its mind at the waistline. Teamed with a swing skirt, and made in Airforce-blue woollen with navy velvet revers and hat. (Top left.)

• Slinky little suit in blue, grey, and white plaid. The moulded, cutaway jacket buttoned snugly high at the neckline tops a slender skirt. (Above centre.)

• Very trim uniform suit in aeroplane-grey worsted. The jacket has no revers but is softened at the neckline by a pert little blouse of sheer white linen. The huge military pockets add fashion significance. (Above.)

• Unusual suit with grey pin-striped jacket with contrast striped band outlining the front. With it a slightly flared skirt in plain grey wool. (Left.)

THIS winter promises to be a suit season—but fashion has done such enchanting things to the drab, man-tailored affairs of yesteryear. Brilliant color schemes are introduced—two, three colors, sometimes more, team up or clash brazenly. Jackets can be long and moulded, short with dear little peplums or loose and sporty. Skirts elaborately full or pencil-slim. In short, anything goes—so long as it's gay and snappy.

• Back fullness again — disciplined in prim pleats and horizontal stripes all the way down (only for willow-wand figures). Red, black, and grey, the color scheme with huge grey cloth muff bag.

• Blue-green wool suit with a wealth of back fullness in the skirt to match up with the quaint Victorian-inspired jacket with basque fluted at the back. Royal-blue bag repeats the hat trim.

• Brilliant suggestion for spectator sports—a casual plaid jacket in stirring Van Gogh colors worn over a fullish brown wool skirt and high-necked yellow sweater. Green accessories give further stabs of color.

• Subdued but flattering tricolor alliance—pert, mauve-grey bellboy's jacket and cinnamon swing skirt are topped by a nonchalant felt slouch matching up with the cravat.

• Costume for important daytime occasions in blue angora with long, figure-hugging top zippered down the front and trimmed with blue fringe. The flared skirt gives silhouette interest, and cyclamen accessories add dash.

Rever



SKETCHED BY PETROV

• Granny bonnets are making news in the latest collections. This diadem style is made of cherry and black silk net jersey, with wide ends tying under the chin in a big bow. (1.)

• The shepherdess poke bonnet of crisp powder-blue straw with blue hyacinths and velvet bow tucked under the brim. Velvet ribbon ends knot under the chin. (2.)

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Airmailed from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE



• Schiaparelli's famous "mermaid" silhouette interpreted in flaming-red crepe with a little guimpe-like top of the same material, embroidered with jet paillettes. (3.)

• Dinner suit designed by Molyneux, with slim black skirt, pleated from the knees, and long, informal jacket of pale blue crepe, bloused and belted, and banded with jet paillettes. (4.)

• Lanvin designs an incredibly slim skirt, slashed almost to the knees, with jacket hanging straight from the shoulder. Of white crepe with panels of jet and swathed red girdle. (5.)

"He's NOT a weakling - he's a victim of Faulty Elimination!"

Sometimes it's tough to be a kid—to want to be big and strong and brave like other boys, yet find yourself timid—perhaps afraid of the dark.

But there's a reason for that weakness . . . and usually that reason is Faulty Elimination. For how can any fellow hope to be strong and healthy while Nature herself is at fault?

Faulty Elimination (or incomplete bowel action) is all the more worrying because it is so hard to detect. So if you are in any doubt about your child, put him at once on a regular course of genuine Laxettes. Laxettes are a mild chocolate aperient that gently but surely assists Nature in fulfilling her most essential duty. A course of Laxettes soon removes from the system all traces of that dangerous food waste which forms the basis of trouble arising from Faulty Elimination, yet does it so gently that the child suffers no ill-effects of purging, griping or discomfort. Buy a tin of Laxettes today. You'll find they are as certain as they are safe. Insist on genuine Laxettes—genuine only in a tin. Stocked by all chemists and stores in two sizes, STANDARD SIZE 1/6



TRIAL SIZE 6d.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO., 288 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.I.

LAXETTES

Correct Faulty Elimination

L40-R2

Fragile blouse to glamorise winter suits... practical because it's **LUXABLE!**



MASCULINE hearts will leap when you wear a delectable blouse like this. And LUX makes it a practical fashion . . . because gentle Lux makes it possible to wash the most exquisitely fragile things. No girl who cares about clothes can afford to be without Lux.

LUX

LUX—the only care safe enough for your loveliest things

A LEVER PRODUCT

S.453.27A

Fashion PATTERNS

F1916.—Unusual dinner-cum-dance frock with bustle bow. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6 to 7 yds. for skirt, and 1½ yds. for bodice, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1917.—Gathered side bodice with slimming front panel, topping a swing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 5-8yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1918.—Cozy and form-fitting step-ins. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1919.—Ideal for winter sports—a gay little jacket with patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1 3-8yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1920.—Sleekly buttoned bodice and skirt with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 1-8yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1921.—Sophisticated style with corse-lette waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1922.—Dashing winter ensemble, comprising matching suit, hat, handbag, and gloves. 32 to 38 bust. Material, 54ins. wide. Requires 1 1-8yds. for skirt, 1½ yds. for jacket, 3-8yd. for bag, and 1-8yd. contrast, 5-8yd. for hat, sizes, 21 to 22½ in. head, 1yd. for gloves, size 6 and 6½. Paper Pattern, complete, 1/8, or individual patterns, 1/- each.

Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

- * Write your name and full address in block letters.
- * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes.
- * State size required.
- * For children, state age of child.
- * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

THREE chic and cosy pyjama suits for young things.

Sizes 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years.

No. 1.—Requires 2½ to 3½ yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 2½ to 3½ yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 2½ to 3½ yds., 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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F1922



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★ 250 HATS GO ★ NEW MODELS

Hat Week

Seldom before such savings on such beautiful hats. Every single one perfect, dashing and designed to mate with the smartest of new season fashions—a veritable riot of variety and fashion. New season colours, soft blacks, browns and navies. And now the complete range has been marked down to the sensational price of

Usually priced at
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hand-in-glove

WITH WINTER ACTIVITY

★ TWIN-SETS AND
SKATING FROCKS ★
STYLED TO GIVE
YOU LINE



Copy of an American model, in soft, clinging jersey, with a charming lastex bodice. Full flowing sleeves—4 yard circular skirt—and in lipstick red, sky, white, black. Sizes 32 to 38, with matching briefs. And it's very keenly priced at 39/11.

Outdoors in winter you'll bless the snug comfort of "twin-sets". So light, so warm, so versatile, and so clever at slimming pounds off your figure. Plain sleeveless ribbed slinkie or striped reverse, and plain ribbed cardigan. SW. to OS. Red, blue, gold, wine. Slinkie priced at 4/11, Cardigan at 11/9.

Sportswear—Second Floor.

These for thrifty shopping

BARGAINS



Boys' "Veltex" Pyjamas

Top-quality granite-tough boys' pyjamas of British veltex. Double-sewn seams, in smartest stripings. Chests 22 to 28 ins. Usually 9/6, now at 7/6. Chests 30 to 36 ins. Us. 11/6, now 8/6. Fourth Floor.

Utility Rubber Mat

An all-purpose kitchen accessory that you'll bless. Meant for years of service and nicely designed. Usually selling at 4/6, but yours now for only... **2/11** Lower Grd. Floor. No Mail or Phone Orders.



New Utility Toilet Cape

Kleinert's make-up cape. Gives perfect protection from your toilet. Drape it across shoulders. It's washable, and in many colours. At— **3/6** Ground Floor.

Washable Sports Shade

Pretty styled eye-shade for sportswear, fitted with top piece. All white, with green underlining, green, navy, or canary. Lower Ground Floor. And priced at only— **6/11**



dance till dawn
on lilting feet
exotic in Farmer's

EVENING REVELS

Glamorous, lavishly bedecked, in fascinating materials, and highlighting graceful, higher heels and unique continental patterns, Evening Revels let you dance till dawn, give gentle support, sheath your feet in sophisticated beauty. Evening Shoe Salon, Third Floor.

Top. Black crepe toeless ankle-bar side strap effect. Halves, 2 to 7. 15/9.

Toeless crepe ankle bar, high Louis heel. Black, Whites, 1/2's, 2 1/2 to 6 1/2. 23/9.



Gay hands

sheathed in the
glove of the year,
English "Wear-cleans"

Glinting in delicate new pastel tonings, soft and supple, beautiful to look at, and as warm as toast. If they soil, you'll rub them together a moment... all signs of dirt will vanish. Pull-on corded gauntlets. Colours: beige, putty, grey. At **12/6** GROUND FLOOR.

"YES, I know," he explained, "but I always give 'em a bit of their kind of candy now and then. They expect it."

"Well, if you're sure it won't hurt them—" Nellie hesitated, but he was already clumping down the steps and rolled down the driveway toward the rear of the house.

Nellie shut the door and went to the garden through the sunroom. The boy was kneeling beside the desert-colored rocks which rimmed the pool, crumbling tiny pieces of food from his box on the clear surface of the water.

"Hey, Billy," he called as the grandfather carp shot toward him. "Gee, you've grown an inch! Where's Fantail Faunty? Oh, there you are—"

The fish were swimming from under the lily pads and darting from their lair beyond the tiny red bridge, coming to get their "candy."

"Who are you?" Nellie asked, looking down at him.

He turned his eager round face up to her. There was a mist of freckles across his turned-up nose, his eyes were blue and sunny and his sandy hair stood up in a stiff tuft above his broad forehead.

"I'm Robert Carson. Did you buy the house?"

"No . . . You used to live here?"

"Yes . . . Mother and I live in an apartment now . . . Here, Billy, you're too greedy!" He plunged his hand into the pool.

"Where's your father?" Nellie ventured, unethically. She told herself

For Sale or Rent

it was none of her business, and you shouldn't ask questions of a child, anyway. But she had to ask it.

The boy did not look round. "Oh, he's at the hotel," he said guardedly. "Gee, these fish are hungry!" He looked at her accusingly.

"Perhaps you'd better call in each day and feed them, then," she suggested. "You know more about it than I do."

"Sure, I can do that," he agreed, "on my way home from school. Mother's at the dress shop late and I haven't much to do."

Financial reverses, then, Nellie thought, and what a pity! But—the Carsons were living apart—there must have been some kind of trouble between the two. They had left the house in a hurry, even leaving their wedding presents behind—as well as that something intangible which was part of themselves.

That was the night that Nellie made cookies, pondering the matter. Was Mrs. Carson one of those career women? Oh, surely not the mother of that well-cared-for little boy. Not the woman who had fixed up this house! It was all very puzzling.

She was polishing the piano next morning when she heard the rattle of a latch-key in the front door. It was too early for "lookers," and, besides, Mr. Hudkins had given her his key. And she'd had no time to get into her black taffeta dress and organdie apron. She got to her feet

indignantly and saw a tall man in good-looking brown tweeds ushering in an old, white-haired gentleman—just as if he owned the place!

Nellie said "Good morning" frigidly, her eyes snapping.

The man turned quickly. His sandy hair was unruly and stiff, his blue eyes darted a measuring glance at her.

"Oh, you must be—I forgot that Hudkins put someone in here. I'm Carson. I'm just going to show the house to my uncle. Don't let us bother you."

Nellie dived under the piano to polish the pedals. The uncle had already moved over to the wide fireplace, framed in blue tiles, and was contemplating it gravely. Mr. Carson joined him with an air reminiscent of the eagerness of the small boy at the pool.

"I rebuilt that three times before I was satisfied," he said. "It draws well—never smokes."

The old gentleman said: "It smacks of comfortable evenings with a good book—and music . . ."

MR. CARSON

turned away sharply. "You'd never guess the materials that went into this house." He tapped an ivory window frame beside him. "Under this—solid mahogany, see? Built to endure. None of your cheap, jerry-built California stuff—tear 'em

down, build another to keep up with the latest style in gimcracks. No, I wanted this to last."

His uncle smiled thoughtfully. "Sort of English country-seat idea, Van?"

"What d'you mean?"

"Oh, founding a dynasty, as it were, and a house to last centuries."

Van Carson's face tightened curiously, but the old man was pursuing evenly:

"I like your sense of values, of course. With a childhood such as yours you might have—"

"Come in for the spectacular, you mean? Or else have been stingy? Well, remember, I've made every cent on my own. Nothing was ever handed to me. I know values—of one sort and another."

They moved off into the other rooms. Nellie could hear Mr. Carson's voice, bragging on this thing and that about the house. Was he trying to impress his uncle with this visible sign of his success and integrity? And was that because he had failed badly in other ways? She picked up her bottle of furniture polish and went out to the kitchen.

After a while she heard them outside the windows. Mr. Carson was showing the old gentleman how well ventilated the house was underneath, and the termite prevention he had installed. Things Nellie had never even thought about which made her respect the house more than ever.

Continued from Page 7

MR. CARSON

straightened up. He had ceased talking in his boastful tone and was fumbling for a cigarette. Peering out at him from behind the red curtains, Nellie saw that his strong face was suddenly forlorn, his blue eyes bewildered and unhappy. He struck a light.

"I make plenty of money," he broke out fiercely. "Why should she think she had to work?"

"The modern woman," his uncle said gently, "seems to need more—"

"More than a home like this? I can't understand it." Mr. Carson brooded, smoking quickly. Finally he threw his cigarette into the rosebushes and said angrily: "The sooner I sell this place the better. She'll want money settlements and all that. Go on out to the car while I speak to the caretaker."

Nellie shrank back and was busying herself at the stove when Mr. Carson strode into the kitchen.

"Oh, there you are. You show the house, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes Mr. Hudkins sends one of his staff with a 'looker.'"

"Well, if anyone is genuinely interested in buying the place, suppose you let me know." He took a card from his wallet. "I know the selling point's better than any agent, and I'd rather sell than rent it."

"Certainly, sir." Nellie took the card and put it in the pocket of her apron. She would have liked to say something comforting to him, something about the house, perhaps, because she felt so sorry for him. But he turned away and she stood tongue-tied until he had gone.

Funny, she thought, with an impatient twist of her thin shoulders, that she should soften like that when at first she had been repelled by his self-made-man assurance. She conjured up a restless and ambition-ridden Mrs. Carson who, hadn't sense enough to appreciate the house. But the vision did not fit in this smiling kitchen.

She wandered off to the other rooms, and gradually the sweet peace of the house resumed its way. She began pretending it was hers indefinitely, the more so because if Mr. Carson would rather sell than rent, it might take a long time.

Then, one day, she answered the doorbell to find a slender, beautifully groomed young woman standing there, gazing out into the garden. She turned slowly on hearing the door opened, and looked meditatively at Nellie from under the brim of her tiny hat. Wide grey eyes Nellie saw, faintly shadowed, remote, full of dreams.

A delicate face, kind, with a wistful sort of charm. A mouth that was loving and generous, but not smiling now, as there was every indication it might often be.

Nellie smoothed her organdie apron. "Did you want to look at the house?" she asked grudgingly at last, since the visitor did not speak.

"Ah—yes," she murmured, and Nellie stepped back to allow her to enter.

"Well, it has four bedrooms and baths," Nellie said severely. Sometimes that stopped people at the door, for the house didn't look as big as that from the front.

The young woman walked—rather, drifted—into the centre of the living-room. She didn't look appreciatively about as renters did, but stood with her eyes fastened on the flickering sunlight on the carpet. Just as Nellie had done when she first entered.

"Did you want to buy?" Nellie asked fearfully.

The black lashes lifted. The grey eyes warmed. "I might—" she said impulsively.

Please turn to Page 30

Spoilers of Good Looks

Fat, Spotty Face, Dull Eyes

Whatever your looks, remember that attractiveness is more due to fitness and health than to beauty of features. Pimples are ugly, and so is unhealthy fat. What your eyes are dull, breath bad, and you suffer sick headache and depression you cease to be fit and attractive.

The bringer of these troubles is constipation. Congested bowels and gradually accumulate digestive wastes which gradually seep into and contaminate the blood stream. Clear away these poisons by taking Pinkettes and you dispense with pimples, banish unhealthy fat tissue, get headache and bilious attacks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe, laxative ingredients that painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, and stir the liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as the make you regular. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.



● The odds are your husband has never seen his mattress since the day he bought it. Never thinks about it—even when he sleeps badly. When he can't sleep he blames his nerves, the neighbours or a headache—never the mattress! Yet more restlessness and "night fatigue" arise from old-fashioned mattresses than from any other cause! Pictured above is a man with a sensible wife. Six months ago she decided that she'd give him luxury. Bought him the bed he's sitting on—a genuine Netsonia "Sleeper". No wonder he's sleeping better than ever before in his life! In the Netsonia "Sleeper" springs are sprung on springs . . . a deep luxurious undercarriage (not merely another mattress) ensures sleep-inducing comfort. Carefully arranged, delicately tempered springs float him to slumber—and downy, soft aial hemp pads add still further luxury to this perfect sleep-unit. Buy a Netsonia "Sleeper" and you buy restful nights for life.

If you have any difficulty in securing a real Netsonia "Sleeper" write immediately to the Sole Manufacturers: Nettleton Son & Company, 537 Kent Street, Sydney. They will direct you to a retailer in your neighbourhood.

THE NETSONIA
Sleeper RGD.

THE MOST LANGUOROUS BED IN THE WORLD

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: NETTLETON SON & COMPANY, 537 KENT STREET, SYDNEY



ONLY the Netsonia "Sleeper" has a luxuriously sprung undercarriage. No wire mattress is necessary. But beware of imitations consisting merely of two mattresses placed one over the other.



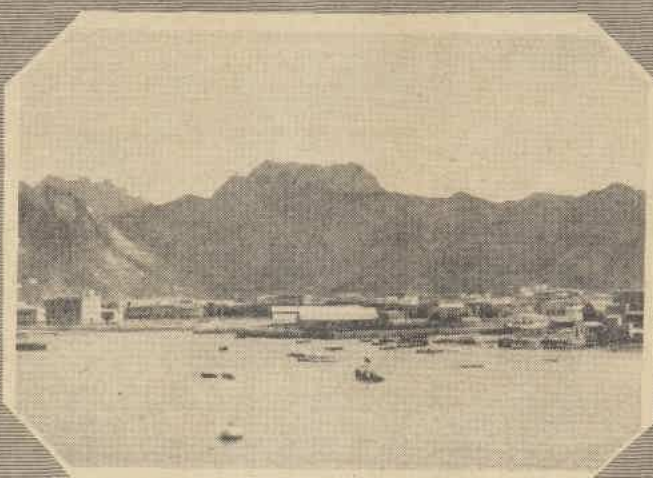
REFUSE TO BUY ANY BED UNLESS THIS BRASS LABEL IS FIXED TO THE SIDE OR THE FOOT.

SNAPS from a LIEUTENANT'S ALBUM

• An officer with the A.I.F. in Palestine has forwarded this pictorial story of the trip over in the transport, the arrival in Palestine, and impressions of camp life in the Holy Land.



Men of the first contingent of the Second A.I.F. have a swim in the pool on liner which carried them to Palestine.



Aden, lovely hill-ringed port at the entrance to the Red Sea, where the troopships called on their long journey.



The Suez Canal as the men on the liners saw it. On the left is Egypt, on the right is the arid Arabian desert.



Marching along the roads in their first few days in Palestine the Australians met many such groups of Arabs.



Weapon pits dug in a field to shelter machine-gun section. Advanced training began as soon as the men disembarked.



A group of nurses, officers, and privates with their guide outside the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem.

The Case of HARVEY G.



CASE 19a. 1934
NAME: Harvey G. Age: 34
OCCUPATION: Salesman.
SYMPTOMS: Chronic indigestion. No appetite. No energy. Frequent headaches and dizziness. Can't concentrate on his job. Irritable with customers.
DIAGNOSIS: Underlying trouble - constipation. Irregular bowel action causing digestive disorder.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION PROMPTLY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

THERE'S MONEY IN GROWING MUSHROOMS

MUSHROOM SPAWS—100% pure culture limited quantity available. Guaranteed results. Manufactured by experts at MUSHROOM INDUSTRY, QUEENSLAND ROAD, VIA GEELONG. Write or phone LEOPOLD 12 for advice

NELLIE'S

heart sank. Mutely she turned to the first bedroom. The lady—she was certainly that, in Nellie's opinion—followed her, and Nellie thought she glanced about rather indifferently, and was relieved.

"This would make a nice guest-room," Nellie said, repeating her formula conscientiously, "because it has an outside entrance and is sort of away from the rest of the house. That is, if you didn't have a big family and have to use it."

The lady was staring at a picture on the wall and made no comment. Nellie thought, with satisfaction, that if she really wanted to buy she would be examining the state of the wallpaper and paint. That was what they always did. This was a queer customer, but then lookers were often strange and undecided. Nellie twitched her shoulders and advanced to the next bedroom. She thought she heard a deep sigh from the prospect, but when the lady followed Nellie into the boy's room her face broke into a lovely smile. That gratified Nellie, as it would be a sour person indeed who wouldn't respond to this room—but at the same time it worried her for fear the caller was getting more serious about buying.

"But it's so neat," the lady said with a little chuckle. "No skates to stumble over, no . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Nellie was looking at her sharply now. "Why—why, you must be—"

The lady roused herself and smiled apologetically at Nellie. "I'm Mrs. Carson. I should have told you. I—I came to get a little bronze figurine from my bedroom. I can't think how I left that behind—I've had it ever since I was a child."

"Oh . . . Well, I'll mark it off the inventory." Feeling quite cheerful now, Nellie hurried into the master bedroom where the carefully-dusted figurine stood on a desk. No more worry about selling the house to this woman. She only wanted to get rid of it! Nellie opened the desk drawer to get the typed inventory, and turned to find Mrs. Carson standing there, again lost in dreams. She moved to the empty space between

the sunny windows, and stood motionless, looking down. Presently she put out both slender white hands as if resting them on a piece of furniture which was no longer there. A tender, brooding smile was on her lips.

Nellie put down the figurine. It was definitely no business of hers. But she said abruptly: "That's where the crib stood, I suppose."

Mrs. Carson was plainly startled. "How did you know? I gave everything away—more than a year ago."

"This house tells me things," Nellie began in a hushed tone and then defended herself quickly. "It's funny that way."

Mrs. Carson sank down in the low cretonne-covered chair and folded her delicately lovely hands. "We're still here—all of us. Even Marjorie. You feel that, too?"

"Yes," Nellie said simply, pleading her apron.

"I—I've lost my baby since I left here," Mrs. Carson said, staring at the empty space between the windows where the crib had stood. She went on urgently, as if to herself. "I only did what I thought I had to do—or lose my reason. But it's a comfort when I find her still here." Tears filled her eyes and she let them fall unheeded.

Nellie seated herself suddenly on the edge of the bench before the dressing-table, feeling helpless and inadequate in the face of such pain. Yet bewildered, too. "But you said," she ventured, "that you gave the crib away more than a year ago."

Mrs. Carson answered in a far-away voice, "Yes . . . That's when she died . . ." Her eyes turned to Nellie almost unseeing. "You've had a child, perhaps? You could understand?"

"One—thirty years ago. I lost her, too." Nellie's voice was matter-of-fact, steady.

"Thirty years ago . . . One does get over things, they say," Mrs. Carson spoke as if not quite convinced, yet hopeful.

"Folks have no right to hug sor-

For Sale or Rent

row close," Nellie said a little crossly. "It isn't fair to the others."

"That's true, I suppose," Mrs. Carson said, looking down at her hands, gripping them tightly together. "I kept everything to myself, so as not to hurt my husband and my little boy. But they forgot so soon! They had other interests—they were outside in the world and in school. They had the relief that was denied me!"

She was silent, fighting an old battle within herself all over again. Nellie was thinking, fitting pieces of the puzzle together.

"So you went into business yourself," she said finally. "You got a dress shop?"

Mrs. Carson glanced up at her briefly and nodded, then returned to that intense contemplation of her twisting hands.

Nellie thought about Mr. Carson. Was he too blind to understand this woman's need? Was he so wrapped up in his own success that he had no time for understanding and sympathy? He hadn't looked like that! But her thin lips tightened in anger at him. Just like a man to be insulted because his wife wanted to do something outside, even if it meant her sanity, because it would look to his associates as if he couldn't make enough money!

"You told him why you wanted to go to work, of course," she burst out at last.

Mrs. Carson's eyes were fixed vaguely on the garden. "He was so angry—I'd already bought an

Continued from Page 28

interest in the shop when I told him. Then I got angry—we both said things . . . I don't suppose I was very clear as to why I wanted to get away from home. I hadn't thought it out clearly myself, then. I was restless—beside myself with repressed grief—I snatched this chance to get away from myself—and then I told him I had the shop . . . I wonder! Perhaps I wasn't fair to him—not to tell him, ever, how I felt about Marjorie?"

Nellie kept her eyes cast down, knowing that the lady was thinking aloud. Suddenly Mrs. Carson seemed to become aware of talking intimately to a stranger, for she said, in a different tone: "I'm sorry I've burdened you with all this."

Nellie glanced up to see that a cool, distant shadow had closed the visitor's face while she fumbled in her bag for a compact. Nellie rose at once, appalled by her own familiarity.

"I've never talked to anyone about this—forgive me," Mrs. Carson patted her puff around her eyes and tried to smile. "I think it must be the influence of this house—this room."

Nellie relaxed a little. "Folks often talk to me," she said, "because I'm close-mouthed and practical." She hesitated and then went on in a rush because she couldn't help herself: "I hope you won't mind my saying one more thing."

Please turn to Page 32

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—With the inaugural flight of the Aotearoa, the trans-Tasman air service has begun. The first flier to cross the Tasman SOLO was J. O'Hara — Sir Charles Kingsford Smith — G. Henry — G. L. Menzies — Jean Batten.

2.—Are your winter woollies emerging unscathed from the naphthalene? And, talking of naphthalene, did you know that it is made from

Certain chemicals — coal tar — the sap of certain trees, treated chemically — a marine growth.

3.—You've heard of the Taj Mahal, one of India's loveliest wonders. It is

A Buddhist temple — a tomb — a group of statues — a Brahmin shrine.

4.—We're growing quite used to Cabinet changes in these days of political unrest. At the end of last month one Cabinet resigned, then withdrew its resignation. That was in

Bulgaria — Luxembourg — Hungary — Belgium — Yugoslavia — Switzerland.

5.—"Blind as a bat" is a familiar expression, but is a bat blind? Yes—no.

6.—Maybe you haven't noticed it, but this week marks an important

anniversary. On May 17, 1749, Edward Jenner was born, the man who discovered

The circulation of the blood—specific gravity — vaccination for the prevention of smallpox — the rotation of the earth — chloroform.

7.—Comparing Australia's time with Honolulu, you find that Australia is

Ahead of Honolulu — behind it.

8.—A very handy instrument, the pantograph. It is used for

Duplicating drawings — producing animated pictures — making photographs appear to be animated — reproducing drawings on any scale.

9.—Being an expert cook, you naturally know what cayenne pepper is, but did you know that the town of Cayenne, from which it takes its name, is in

South America — India — Jamaica — Northern Italy — East Africa.

10.—Sir Roger de Coverley is not only a dance. Sir Roger began his career as a fictitious character, created in the eighteenth century by

Jonathan Swift — Joseph Addison — Richard Steele — Daniel Defoe.

Answers on Page 32

Get Gifts that last with TRUFOOD LABELS



I'M SAVING TRUFOOD LABELS RIGHT NOW!

Use more MILK but pay less. A generous supply of nourishing milk whenever you want it, and at amazingly low cost! That's what Trufood gives you. It's so economical that you'll be able to use ever so much more milk in your cooking.

FREE

Nearly 70 recipes in "The Milky Way of Cookery." Send to: Recipe Department, Trufood of Australia Ltd., Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

A 1-lb. tin makes 8 whole pints of milk.

How to get Your FREE Gift!

Take your labels to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY, or to—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, West Street, Newcastle.

If you cannot call or send coupons, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.

2. The number of labels enclosed.

3. The gift you require. Enclose with stamps to cover freight and packing on gifts marked *, and post to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. IMPORTANT! Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

PILLOWSLIP

Rematched; in best pillow cotton, nicely finished. Size 21" x 31". Save 17 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

GLASSCLOTH

Pure Irish Linen. Wonderful wearing quality. Very absorbent. Size 21" x 31". Red, blue, green or gold side stripes. Save 13 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

DESSERT KNIFE

Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. Save 13 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

DESSERT FORK

Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 11 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

*BREAD BOARD

Strong; gaily hand-painted, poker-worked edges. Save 14 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 7d.

*GLASS WATER JUG

Made by Crown Crystal Glass, etched with attractive design. 20 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/3.

*GLASS GOBLET

Set of 3 to match Water Jug. 12 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/3 on set of 3 or 6.



30.114.1924

MRS YATES (OF SYDNEY) SAYS

Taking 2 teaspoonsful of

BONKORA

3 times daily, made me

Lose 2 Stone 2lbs in a short time

"Before taking BonKora in this way I could hardly get upstairs. I seemed to lose my strength. Now I can go about without any trouble." A copy of Mrs. Yates' testimonial, including her full Sydney address, will be mailed on request.

FREE SAMPLE

Mail This Coupon to: World Agencies, Pacific House, 240 George St., Sydney, N.S.W. I enclose 2d in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

W.W. 18/2/40.

P-R-E-S-E-N-T

SUPREEM
MILITARY BROWN

World's Most Worried Man

That, at any rate, is how he described himself. He has been worrying for ten years. His health is impaired. He catches "anything that's going." He is pessimistic thoroughly "down."

His case is a salutary example of the evils of constipation aggravated by incessant purging.

"When I mentioned purging he was irritated. 'But what else can I do? 'Ear roughage'? Take more exercise? Drink more water? I've done all that. Perhaps," he added sourly, "you'll advise me to drink milk now?"

"Well, I said, 'that's exactly what I do advise—so long as you put a tablespoonful of Bemax in it.'"

Constipation usually has a simple cause—intestinal muscles starved into a weak state. Doctors have learned that intestinal health depends on an element now known as Vitamin B. A century ago even the poorest diet supplied sufficient of this, to-day even the richest doesn't. It is eliminated from our over-refined modern foods.

Happily Bemax restores this vital element to one's diet. This pleasant food is the richest natural source of Vitamin B—400 units in every ounce. In my own case a daily tablespoonful has completely banished life-long constipation. In addition, it has given me and my family such remarkable vitality that we rarely catch colds or other ills.

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month. For a free copy of "Vitamins and Health," send a card to B. Max (Dept. P24) P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for 7000 lifetime. Write for Free Booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



That's the kind of girl I like... naturally lovely



REXONA Medicated Soap

Brings Natural Beauty through Skin Health

Natural loveliness! The charm every woman can have if she guards her skin health with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona corrects a dull skin, leaves a normal one flawlessly beautiful.

Cady!, Rexona's compound of medications, guards against Blemishes!

Don't run risks! Guard your skin with Rexona, the only soap medicated with Cady!. This highly protective compound of medications gently draws away germ-laden dust

from the depths of the pores, and purifies. Your skin is toned up left healthy, naturally beautiful.

These revitalising medications make REXONA SOAP the perfect beauty care.

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

REXONA SOAP SHAMPOO For Lustrous, Shining Hair.

Rexona Soap's medications stimulate the scalp—keep dandruff in check—make your hair a shining crown.

Safest for Baby! REXONA SOAP

Rexona is so gentle, so soothing its special compound of medications guard against chafing, rashes and irritations. Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment, used together quickly cure Cradle Cap.

The complete Rexona Treatment Soap and Ointment together

If skin faults do not yield quickly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing combination ends blemishes, leaves the skin clear.

TREATMENT Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



More than a Beauty Soap

...it's a Complete Skin Treatment



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

For Sale or Rent

Continued from Page 30

A glimmer of white beyond the hibiscus bushes established her as interviewing the gardener who was grinning and bowing and touching his old cap every other word. Robert was kneeling beside the fishpool, leaning perilously over it as he coaxed the fish, the wheels of the skates on his feet turned up to Nellie's view. He seemed to be unaware of his mother's presence at the far end of the garden.

Nellie opened the front door before Mr. Carson could take out his latchkey. Her thin cheeks were flushed and she began to speak immediately.

"The party's out in the garden, sir, but I thought I'd better warn you about a thing or two, if you don't mind."

He grinned at her. "All right, Nellie. Tough customer, eh?"

"I wouldn't say that. But before you begin on mahogany window

frames and underpinnings, she'll probably tell you what she wants. And I'd advise you to listen, sir. I mean, patiently. Men are apt to fly off the handle like."

He laughed and patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, Nellie. I'm not a bad salesman, really."

She looked at him doubtfully and said with an effort: "Remember—folks, even women, sometimes have a good reason behind their actions. But when they don't tell it, you jump to wrong conclusions. Then you both get angry and—"

She heard the door of the sunroom close and glanced over her shoulder in a panic. Then she raised her voice and it quavered a little:

"I'm here in the living-room, madam." She started to bolt for the front bedroom, and then paused to whisper fiercely to Mr. Carson: "Now don't get angry first—listen to her!"

She caught his amused, questioning glance as she fled through the bedroom and out into the garden where Robert was still talking to the fish, and around to the kitchen. There she sank into a chair and fanned herself, quivering with anxiety.

She heard the mumble of voices from the living-room—but they were not raised. The saucy red kitchen clock ticked off the minutes as she sat there inert, hoping—and yet afraid. Then she became aware of a silence, growing uncomfortably long. Had one or both of them left in anger? She got up and crept to the swing door and pushed it open a crack, and listened. Finally she stole into the dining-room and crept towards the arch.

There in front of the prize fireplace which drew well and never smoked stood two figures. They were close in each other's arms. Evidently they had been that way a long time. Nellie stole back towards the kitchen.

Then she heard Mrs. Carson's remembered chuckle. "Darling," she said, and her voice was honey sweet, "come and look at the front bedroom. You know how we planned that it should be Marjorie's room when she got big enough? Well, I've ideas!"

Nellie hastily slipped through the swing door. She looked about the friendly kitchen, cooking as it were, a humorous eye at her, and was suddenly aghast at what she had done. "Deliberately went ahead and did yourself out of the job you've liked best for years," she berated herself furiously. "Turned your back on this dear house before you had to." She reached out and stroked the red hens on the table. "Fool!"

She turned then, and made for the telephone. There was only one thing left to do, and just as well to get it done. No need to look that number up! She'd better get her name in at the agency straight away. She dialled the number and waited. She was strong enough to take anything now—anything she could get. She'd had five weeks of blessed rest

Animal Antics



"YOURS OF the 15th inst. received and I beg to say . . ."

—and the house had given her back her full measure of love . . .

"Hello, I want to place my name . . ."

The swing door was flung back and two shining people stood on the threshold, arm in arm.

"Oh, Nellie—" Mrs. Carson began breathlessly.

"Wait a minute," Nellie said into the telephone.

"Would you—would you stay on here with us?" Mrs. Carson finished.

Nellie hung up the receiver dazedly and stared at them. Mr. Carson said gravely, but with a twinkle in his eyes: "We like the way you've kept the house—and your expert handling of an emergency was admirable."

Nellie looked down and twitched her apron into shape. "I've good references," she said, "as to cooking and cleaning." A stinging flush rose to her thin cheeks. "And some of them has gone so far as to say, very kindly, that I mind my own business." She looked up at them straightly. "And that's what I aim to do."

They looked back at her, both rather misty-eyed, and Mrs. Carson said, very low: "You know you have our heartfelt thanks, Nellie."

Nellie's lips quivered and then she began to smile. She had her self-respect back again. "Will you have dinner here to-night? I've always wanted to see that shiny refrigerator full of good things—and set the table with the wedding silver and all—"

Clank-clank-clank. Robert was coming into the kitchen on his skates. Nellie turned automatically to the cookie jar.

"Hello," he said, surprised, looking at his parents. And then, mastering the situation at a glance, he said heartily:

"Well, it's great to be home again. Nellie, when do we eat?"

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PAIN

you can't "explain"

Amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) Compound Ends Needless Suffering Every Month...

Already five out of every nine women have changed to MYZONE for better relief of period pain. For MYZONE's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

When you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps... when headache

and sick-feeling, and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry... let MYZONE bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are Science's aid to nature, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try MYZONE on your very next "pain."

2/- box. All Chemists.

The Movie World

May 18, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page



• Recognise in this gay, carefree girl in her sprigged, springtime muslin the dignified Queen Victoria, the subdued Nurse Cavell? Here is Anna Neagle as she appears in the musical comedy, "Irene."

"SALLY"...

**Anna Neagle's
next role**

**PRODUCER WILCOX AND
LITTLE ANNA ARE FAMOUS
FOR HARMONY ON THE SET**

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

ENGLISH producer Herbert Wilcox has announced that the next film he will make for Anna Neagle will be "Sally," the musical comedy that twinkling Marilyn Miller made famous on the American stage and screen.

Australian theatre-goers will recall the local lass, Josie Melville.

Anna and Wilcox have just finished work on "Irene," another popular stage musical comedy, and the fourteenth film they have made together.

The producer decided to postpone the biography of Marie Lloyd, which he had planned as Anna's next film, when he saw how happy the actress was in her dancing and singing role in "Irene."

This bespectacled, quietly-spoken producer and the blue-eyed petite English girl form one of the happiest combinations in the film world.



WILCOX has directed every one of Anna's films since her film debut in England in 1931.

Off the set they are just as inseparable.

Their romance has withstood the dangerous test of long, arduous hours on the set, and of heartbreaking suspense which has attended each of their new and expensive ventures.

In the eighteen months since they came to Hollywood to make "Nurse Edith Cavell" no one has heard a harsh word pass between them.

To Hollywood, used to bursts of star temperament on the set, to megaphone roars from the director, the real harmony that exists between them is a continual source of surprise.

On the set Wilcox is always the quietest man in the place. Of medium height, he usually appears in dark trousers, white shirt, no coat, never rolls up his sleeves.

"Anna," he'll say, "I think it was a little better the other way. There was something you did. Have you forgotten?"

Courteously, as ever, she'll reply: "But of course. Shall we play it again?"

It's all as polite as the four o'clock tea served on the set every afternoon. But it gets results in a smoothness, a lack of friction, a quick understanding of each other, such as you seldom see on other Hollywood stages.

Directors prefer redheads

GENTLEMEN may prefer blondes, but the directors' choice is the redhead.

According to Mitchell Leisen, well-known director in Hollywood, a genuine ginger-top has a better chance of making a good movie actress than a blonde—or brunette.

It's all a matter of temperament.

"People with red hair," says Leisen, "are traditionally emotional and romantic."

"And I'll guarantee that you'll never find a great actress without one of those qualities."

"The redheads have them both—to their eternal advantage."

"Temperament is a much maligned word in Hollywood, but it is none

the less important. I don't mean the stogy type of temperament; but the real thing that enables a player to rise to dramatic heights.

"It is a form of emotion—an ability to 'feel' a situation, and promptly bring forth the right response."

"You'll find that redheads have it to a high degree."

"They all seem to have plenty of native ability, native emotion, and native romance."

"Another thing I've found about redheads is that, as a rule, they have keen, fast minds. Given a script to read, they make a quick analysis of the character they are to play, and readily adapt themselves to thinking along the lines the character would adopt."

"I think redheads can play a wider variety of parts well than any other type."



• A picture of health and happiness! Lovely, blue-eyed, blonde English actress Anna Neagle in the garden of her home in Hollywood enjoys a quiet afternoon's reading after a hard week's work on the set. The camera on the table is her own, for Anna is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

What a big difference breakfasts of **VITA-BRITS** can make

Every morning this young lady has health heaped on her breakfast plate. Crisp, crunchy Vita-Brits — these flakes of sun-nourished wheat pressed and golden toasted into thick biscuits of goodness — start her day in a wonderful way. Light and easily digested, every helping is quickly transformed into vigorous energy. Every helping builds up her body and fortifies her system against illness.

Vita-Brits make such easy, time-saving breakfasts. They're ready to serve straight from the packet in any way you please . . . with hot or cold milk . . . stewed or fresh fruit . . . butter or honey . . . cream and jam . . . golden syrup or maple syrup. Their deliciously malted flavour is an appetite-tempter, too!

And Vita-Brits build bodies as well as energy



Vitamins, Minerals, Carbohydrates, Proteins, Bran — in the whole wheat of Vita-Brits is stored the biggest supply of nourishment that ever went on a breakfast plate. Vita-Brits hold all the food-elements which make wheat the super cereal for building up healthy tissue, muscles and good rich blood. All these precious elements are kept in Vita-Brits in exactly the right proportions to quickly make a very big difference in the bodily sturdiness, energy, and general health of young and old alike.





No men worked harder ...or had more fun!

THE best news they've had in a long time is the reaction of a group of rugged actors to MGM's plan for making a "North-West Passage" sequel.

I am not surprised at their enthusiasm. For I was lucky enough to go with the bunch on their epic Idaho trip for "North-West."

I never saw men who worked harder—or had more fun.

Robert Young has forgotten the time he lost his footing in the icy Payette River and floated fifty yards downstream before he could fight his way to shore.

Walter Brennan has forgotten his serious danger on the day when the canoe overturned in the rapids and he, weighted down by his equipment, sank in 16 feet of water.

Spencer Tracy himself has forgotten the hardships of those six weeks.

No, they remember the evenings in the lumber and mining town six miles away from the location camp.

They remember the water carnival held one week-end, to which came the whole countryside.

Norman Foster still brags how his crew of lumberjacks won the whale-boat race, with Walter Brennan's eight taking second, and Tracy, King Vidor, and Robert Young all finishing out of the money.

If it's only to row that race for another finish, the "North-West Passage" company is chafing to be on the Idaho trail again.

I SAW TRACY AND HIS FRIENDS MAKING "NORTH-WEST PASSAGE" UP IN THE IDAHO WILDERNESS

On Hollywood patios to-day, these men talk the whole of the "North-West" trip over again—just as they used to yarn up there in a very different setting.

Around a roaring log fire in a huge stone fireplace, in a log cabin on the shore of an Idaho mountain lake, Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, Walter Brennan, and King Vidor would gather each evening.

Ordinarily the living-room of the family which owns and operates the summer resort of Sylvan Beach, on the west shore of Payette Lake, that cabin sanctum now listened to the words of Major Robert Rogers and his celebrated band of Rangers.

Tracy, in a grey pullover sweater and slacks, used to slump in a chair by the window, a pipe in his mouth.

To his right was Robert Young in a combination grey leather and blue woollen jacket, and grey trousers, slumped even farther down in a lower chair. To Tracy's left, associate-director Norman Foster, in a brown leather jacket, brown whip-cord riding breeches, and boots, and also smoking the inevitable pipe.

On a davenport in front of the fire sat Walter Brennan in a brown tweed jacket and light-colored trousers, and Mrs. King Vidor in a light tweed topcoat and blue slacks.

Mrs. Vidor, who was scenarist

Betty Hill before her marriage, helped by typing pages of new script. Her noted director husband, in a dark blue wind-breaker and lighter blue slacks, always settled at her right, in a chair under the lamp, and tapped on his teeth with his pipe as he debated moot points in the dialogue.

The dialogue would go something like this:—

Vidor: Spence, it seems to me that those lines of yours about Phillips would better be spoken by Richards. They fit in better with what he is telling the Rangers about his brother being killed.

Tracy: Anything that will give me fewer lines to memorize is swell. Say, incidentally, I just found a scene that I'm not in. That's marvelous. I'm going to pin a flag by it in the script. But if we do give that line of mine to Addison, we'll be changing the novel. Here, take a look at it in the book.

Richards: I think Spence is right. It's his line.

Vidor: Yes, but it breaks his mood. At this point he should be a commentator, not a narrator. I'd like to change it and see how it reads the other way.

Tracy: If we do, then we ought to change the order of the lines, so that he tells about what happened to his brother last. That's the climax of the speech.

Vidor: Well, you and Addison get together and figure it out the best possible way.

Tracy: Hey, I'm no scenarist! Vidor: It'll be good practice for you. Just like to-day . . .

And from there the day's stories would grow until assistant-director "Red" Golden came in to inform Vidor that it's midnight, that some of the actors might be on double time, and that the morning call was for 5.30 o'clock. And, anyway, the fire had almost burned out.

So next morning, as every morning, we would be out in the chill dawn, gathering beneath a towering cliff on the shores of Little Payette Lake. Here is a typical scene:

The rocks and the underbrush were literally alive with Rangers, their fringed, olive-green costumes, topped by Scotch caps of the same color, blending right into the natural background. The only splashes of contrasting color were in the hair and neck ornaments of the Stock-bridge and Mohawk Indians, their allies.

A vivid scene

ROBERT YOUNG, as Langdon Towne, young New England artist who had joined the Rangers to paint Indians, stepped down from his map. Spencer Tracy, as Major Robert Rogers, mounted the rock beside him.

"Men," began Tracy in his typically quiet, unmelodramatic voice, "we've gone as far as we can with the boats. Some of you have guessed where we're supposed to be going, but now I'll tell you for sure." Taking a dead pine branch he pointed to the map.

"I don't have to tell you who the Abenakis are," continued Tracy. "Most of you have lost folks or friends in Indian raids since '54." A low mutter was the only comment. "You'll find their scalps in St. Francis. Those Indians captured

Lieutenants Crofton and Phillips and twenty Rangers. Crofton's

Rest for Tracy

● MGM has just solved the problem of saving Spencer Tracy from more over-work, and yet keeping his new film "Boom Town" up to schedule. The studio will devote the first month's work on this film to scenes in which Tracy does not appear, and Tracy will spend that four weeks in rest.

brother here can tell you what happened to them."

Addison Richards, as Crofton, stepped up beside Tracy.

"Yes, Major, I can tell them," he began in a deadly monotone. "Phillips . . ."

So Tracy had given Richards the best lines.

It was a long scene that, continuing to show the Rangers forming into files, three abreast, and entering the muddy waters of the swamp.

"How is it, King?" yelled Tracy, his eyes glinting and a huge grin on his face as the take was concluded. The first sign of excitement evidenced by anyone.

"Why, it was perfect," quietly smiled Vidor.

"Okay, boy, you regulate the sun and we'll regulate the acting," beamed the exuberant star. "We'll reach your old North-West Passage just so the weather holds out."

No wonder that at the previews of "North-West Passage," which have just been held in Hollywood, the critics commented that Rogers' Rangers had really lived again.



1 BRIAN AHERNE spoils only son in desire to give him luxuries he himself missed in early life, but friend Walter Huston rears his children more strictly.



3 WHEN Aherne becomes engaged to artist Madeleine Carroll, Louis, by his subtle innuendoes, deliberately tries to break up their romance.

4 BUT AHERNE does not realise his son's true character until he learns of his unfortunate affair with Huston's daughter, Laraine Day.



2 IDOLISED and pampered by widowed father Aherne, son Louis Hayward grows up a liar and cheat, but his charm wins him friends, and the loyalty of Huston's son, Bruce Lester.



5 COMPLETELY disillusioned, but tragically aware that he alone is to blame, Aherne tells his son that he never wants to see him again. Louis, hard and indifferent, only mocks him.



TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT—Shows soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.

RIGHT—Shows special Colinated "foam" shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair . . .

BUT NOT WITH SOAP !

MY DEAR, how your hair does sparkle . . . How attractive it makes you look.

I know, you're too wise to use alkali laden soaps and powder shampoos on such a head of hair—they would have ruined it long ago and left it dull, brittle, colourless and hard to manage. I've guessed your secret . . . Colinated "foam" Shampoo!

You discovered it years ago . . . and it has certainly kept your hair beautiful. And you know why so many famous beauties and society leaders prefer Colinated, the only shampoo that has been through the amazing "Colinating" process.

Every woman who appreciates the youthful lustre of her hair, delights as you do, in washing it herself. To feel the magic bubbling foam creep deep down amongst the hair roots, and then

revel in the glorious "loosening up" feeling of a refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this wonderful Colinated "foam" Shampoo is enough to give a rich, sparkling foam (five times more foam than any alkali-laden soap).

Watch then how one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film and acid perspiration—and then—with Nature's own sun and wind to dry it, your hair becomes so soft and manageable it can be quickly set in any style—right after shampooing.

Yes, my dear, by all means keep on washing your own hair. Don't let anyone take away this sacred rite from you. And . . . Insist on Colinated "foam" Shampoo to do it.

Get some to-day from your Chemist or Store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonder-beauty cleansing—know why it's Australia's biggest selling shampoo.



6 WHEN WAR is declared in 1914, Louis leaves for France in same regiment as Huston's son Lester, without seeing father.



7 ON learning that his sister has committed suicide because of Louis, Lester determines to kill his friend.

ENTER VILLAIN LOUIS HAYWARD!

IN this film, Hayward plays a charming, irresponsible scapegrace, who brings only trouble and ruin on his indulgent father.

Producer Edward Small bought the rights to this novel as a vehicle for Hayward, who is under personal contract to him.

As soon as he had read it, Small decided it was a story particularly suited to Hayward's individual talents and personality.

As a result of his work in this film, the young

• Dashing young Louis Hayward has the most unsympathetic role of his career in the United Artists' drama, "My Son, My Son," adapted from the best-selling novel by Howard Spring.

actor has signed to make three films for RKO.

The first will be "One of Six Girls," in which he will play opposite Irish Maureen O'Hara.

In "My Son, My Son," Hayward is co-starred with Madeleine Carroll and Brian Aherne. Aherne, ageing twenty-five years in the film, plays a dignified role as Hayward's father. Madeleine is an artist in love with Aherne and pursued by Hayward.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ PINOCCHIO

(Week's Best Release)

Walt Disney Feature-length Cartoon. (RKO.)

THE most charming children's tale yet to come to the screen, this story of the little wooden puppet is perfectly suited to cartoon technique, and shows an advance even on Disney's former masterpieces.

Though the classic fairy tale is not as well known in Australia as in some other countries, the characters will soon be part of every nursery. For each one is drawn as a distinct and lovable person, and we will long remember old Gepetto, Figaro the pussy, the affectionate goldfish Cleo, the Fox, and ridiculous cat (and their catching song, "Hi Diddle Dee, An Actor's Life For Me.") and the little larrikin who accompanies Pinocchio to Pleasure Island.

Adults will relish the modern commentary supplied by Jiminy Cricket. Jiminy is an addition to the original tale, and so delightful is he that he threatens to steal the stage from the title role.

Full of fantastic humor and whimsical twists, the film will delight old and young—State; showing.

★★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best. (RKO.)

JOHANN WESS' classic tale of shipwreck and life on a deserted island has been imaginatively adapted for the screen.

With its spectacular storms on sea and land, its vigorous portrayal of the trials of the Swiss Family Robinson, it is realistic and absorbing entertainment.

Story opens with Thomas Mitchell, prosperous London merchant in the days of the Napoleonic wars, grieving over the way his family is turning out.

Of his three sons, Freddie Bartholomew is an insufferable fop, Tim Holt can think of nothing but fight-

ing, Terry Kilburn is becoming a retiring bookworm. The mother, Edna Best, is obsessed with social ambitions.

To save them from themselves, Mitchell takes them all aboard ship bound for Australia. But a storm wrecks the ship, and the sole survivors, they are forced to create their own life on an island.

The way in which they adjust themselves to new conditions is moving and dramatically unfolded.

Thomas Mitchell as head of Swiss Family Robinson gives a compelling performance. Lanky Freddy Bartholomew as the dandy does easily his best work to date.—Plaza; showing.

★★ REMEMBER THE NIGHT

Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. (Paramount.)

THE only fault you will find with "Remember the Night" is the ending, which is out of keeping with the gay spirit of the rest of the film, and some over-sentimental moments.

Otherwise it is a thoroughly enjoyable romantic comedy, full of sparkling dialogue and piquant situations.

Fred MacMurray, young prosecuting attorney, is about to lose his case against beautiful jewel-thief Barbara Stanwyck. So he has it adjourned over Christmas holidays.

Then, suffering pangs of conscience and pity, he baits Barbara out, and takes her along with him to spend the holidays at his home in a small Western town.

In the benign rural atmosphere, Barbara and Fred fall in love.

This results in complications when they return to face the trial.

Miss Stanwyck has never given a more delightful performance.

But Fred is better in his comic than his serious moments.—Mayfair; showing.

★ SANTA FE MARSHAL

William Boyd, Russell Hayden. (Paramount.)

LATEST of the entertaining Hopalong Cassidy series emphasises comedy and romance rather than shooting and riding.

William Boyd (Hopalong) is a U.S. marshal from Santa Fe, who cleans

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

up a western town overrun with bandits.

He arrives on the job disguised as a member of a medicine show, and discovers that the leader of the bandits is a mild-looking, white-haired old lady.

In this role, Marjorie Rambeau all but steals the show from Boyd.

Another excellent comic characterisation is provided by Earl Hodgins as owner of the medicine show.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette. (Republic.)

WITH the catchy tune, "South of the Border," for its theme song, this film ranks among the best of Gene Autry's musical Westerns.

The story has a topical touch. Gene Autry plays a U.S. Federal agent who is sent to Central America to stop a revolution.

Along the way, Gene encounters romance with a dark-eyed Spanish senorita, and sings some effective numbers.

Autry is as amiable as ever, and Smiley Burnette, who goes along with him to help, is responsible for some amusing scenes. Lupita Tovar as the senorita is pleasing.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ (plus) *Gone With The Wind*.

Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. St. James and Liberty, 2nd week.

★★ *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*.

Edward G. Robinson in deeply moving biographical drama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ *French Without Tears*. Ray Milland and Ellen Drew in delightful sophisticated comedy. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★ *Katia*. Danielle Darrieux, John Loder in charming love story. Savoy, 3rd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO



TIOGA, TEXAS, BIRTH-PLACE OF GENE AUTRY HAS BEEN RENAMED AUTRY SPRINGS.

THE VOICE OF JIMINY CRICKET IN "PINOCCHIO" IS THAT OF CLIFF EDWARDS — ONCE FAMOUS ON THE SCREEN AS UKELELE IKE.

The modern way to clean false teeth

The modern way to keep false teeth clean is the simplest—just put them into a glass of water in which "Steradent" powder has been dissolved. (Follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people do this overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend "Steradent" and all dentists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.

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No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco**. No drugs, no smokes, no injections, no stonies. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring about sleep the first night so that you can feel your young and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had just 10 lbs. suffered coughing,

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

BOB MONTGOMERY'S friends say he's toying with the idea of producing his own pictures in England when his present contract with MGM expires. Bob loves living in England, and couldn't have been happier when the studio sent him back there to make a picture. He may decide to make his permanent home in or about London.

PAUL MUNI has wound up the Broadway run of his play, "Key Largo," and is now taking the pro-

duction tour. The company will reach Hollywood in a few weeks for a brief run, after which Muni will return to his picture-making activities at Warner Bros. His first assignment will be "Frontier Doctor," a story of early days in Oregon.

COLUMBIA is going ahead with production on its million-dollar technicolor spectacle, "Arizona," which was set aside some months ago while Hollywood waited to see the effect of the war on world movie markets.

Director Wesley Ruggles will soon set out with a company of two thousand, headed by Jean Arthur, for three months' location in Arizona.

A complete mile-square replica of the city of Tucson as it appeared in the 1850's has been constructed some nine miles from the present site of Tucson, and there most of the film will be made. The remarkable set with its acres of adobe buildings was completed some time ago, and has been a major attraction for tourists wintering in Arizona.

JIMMY CAGNEY doesn't seem the type, but he has become quite a poet. The literary section of Hollywood is trying to persuade him to submit his verses for publication.

MGM will delay production on the next Tarzan picture until Johnny Weissmuller recovers from a bout of sinus trouble. The trouble was started by his strenuous job at the New York World's Fair last year when he spent several months swimming through six shows a day at Billy Rose's Aquacade.

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TO PICTURE CARD COLLECTORS

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SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

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The Fish that Stared

Continued from Page 5

"An' does that mean I'm to be kind to animals?" asked Jane.

"Yes, dear."

"Fish?" asked Jane—and Mrs. Turpin breathed hard. That lobster, that dreadful lobster—

"Sit down, darling, please."

"No," said Jane. "I want to know. 'Cause if I'm president an' can be kind to fish, then I think it's terrible of you all to eat that poor grilse when it's looking at you—"

"I call upon Mrs. Washington to second the motion," interrupted Mrs. Turpin hastily and very loudly. The frustrated Jane sat down.

Grown-ups never would let you say a thing.

The last guest had departed in the pelting rain and the driving wind. The sunny day had changed incredibly. By the time the buffet was a mass of mangled remains there had been a general telephoning for cars and mackintoshes and umbrellas, but the Annual Afternoon had been the best in the history of the society.

The grilse was by now a mere backbone, but what a success it had been!

No one had known what a grilse was, and Jane's outburst had passed unnoticed. Afterwards Mrs. Turpin had explained—and everyone had sighed at the example of the tender heart of a little child and asked for a second helping.

She had pressed a piece of grilse on Mrs. Tweeddale, and that incensed lady, as furious at her daughter Amelia being skillfully eliminated from the Jalks by the subtlety of a snake of a retiring precedent as she was furious at Mrs. Turpin fostering a children's branch on her, refused hotly.

But the rain delayed the departures too long. It was nearly eight when Mrs. Turpin sped the last parting guest. "Get me upstairs, Marjorie, I'm getting one of my awful heads. I'll take a tablet and go to bed. Don't disturb me. I'll leave a note for your father to sleep in the spare room when he comes home from his Masonic dinner. I'm quite exhausted."

"I'll go to bed, too," said Marjorie. "I'm worn out. Such a terrible night, too, it's turned out. But you've had a big success, Mother dear. That grilse—not a scrap left."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Turpin. "I should think when Emily Baldock is going out she starves herself for days beforehand. It's disgraceful the way she eats. Oh, dear, my head—"

By ten o'clock the household had retired. Everyone slept but Jane, who had never been so wide awake in her life. Popeye the pup, exiled by the family in the shed at the back, where for all they knew or cared he might have been now in the thunder and lightning and wind, was lying, bulged with food, in Jane's arms.

"I wish I could go to sleep, too," sighed Jane, but she couldn't. The poor grilse. Powerless, she had watched him devoured until he had become a mere skeleton of a backbone with a head and a tail-piece. The Walks had torn him asunder—and all the time the bits of him were going: his reproachful eyes had

"Companionship"

I sat me down in gloomy thought,
And vowed the world was wrong,
For nothing I to-day had wrought
Had helped a soul along.
And when fatigued my fancy'd grown,
I then remembered you:
Your thoughts that kindle with my own,
The things we like to do.
Now swift my mind its trouble flings,
I have no time to spare,
I want to do the million things,
I know you'll love to share.
—Marie Baird.

haunted Jane. Pug Washington and Chaw Smith had found her dull company this afternoon. Her mother had never known her so well-behaved. "Tiant as if he was even a grown-up salmon who could look after himself," thought the unhappy Jane, "just a poor little baby salmon."

It was because of the grilse keeping her awake Jane heard the bird begin to chirrup wildly above the noise of the storm.

"My golly," the startled Jane sat up, "I do believe Toothache's got into the little green bird's nest!"

Toothache was the household cat, a gaunt animal with a suspicious nature who lived on the roof and refused to descend except when compelled by hunger. But Jane had thought the little green birds had been safe from Toothache. They had cunningly built a nest in a hole near the drain-pipe—a drain-pipe even Toothache couldn't scale, it was so sheer.

Jane had once managed it, wet and naked, running away in a panic from presenting a bouquet to a visiting duchess when Amelia Tweeddale suddenly got the measles, but only once. She had tried to do it in cold blood and turned back—the drop was so sheer.

The little green birds had made a nest there in the spring and laid eggs and afterwards had their young—which they fed all day. Jane had watched them for hours on end working like slaves. She listened again. This wasn't a cheeping baby bird, it was one of the parent birds. Jane recognised the cry, which was getting louder and louder.

"I believe that old Toothache's got into the nest!"

Jane had a torch among her treasures. Cautiously rising she got it from the drawer, and armed with it made for the bathroom and opened the window. The rain was pouring down in torrents, but above it the agonised chirps of the bird were almost deafening. You wouldn't think such a little bird could make such a big noise, thought Jane. She switched the torch along the drain-pipe and gave a cry of anguish.

Please turn to Page 40

"I never miss a morning..."



"I don't take chances where health is concerned... and I know what Schumann's does for my complexion. That's why I never miss a morning. I'm the fittest girl in the office... and Schumann's keeps me that way."

If you want a clear youthful skin and freedom from sickness, start each day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's in a long glass of water. It will rid your system of insidious toxins... give you complete internal cleanliness; build up your energy; give you a new joy in life. But don't rely on mere "fizzy" drinks. Take the genuine Schumann's as soon as you are out of bed.

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GOLDEN SILENCE

Of all the crimes committed in the name of friendship the greatest is that which comes under the heading of doing one's duty.

Is it a friend's duty to acquaint another of all the disagreeable things which other people have said to her detriment?

Many unpleasant utterances are made worse by repetition—they lose nothing but gain much in the process. Jealousy and spite are the agents which prompt many a person to tell a friend those things which she would be far happier not to have heard.

Judge your friends by their attitude to mutual friends. If they respect their confidence, they will also respect yours.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. J. Morison Collins, Bevendale, via Dalton, N.S.W.

CLEARER WRITING

WHY do not business men make their signatures more legible? It is often very embarrassing to have to answer a letter with an unreadable signature.

Is the rush and bustle of modern times responsible for this carelessness, or do business people leave so much to their typists that they cannot write a legible hand?

Mrs. Elsie Pearson, 27 McDonald St., East Geelong, Vic.

SORDID NOVELS

SHOULD not the mothers of to-day insist that their children read only clean, wholesome literature? I may be thought old-fashioned when I state my disapproval of young girls just entering their teens having access to some of our sordid modern novels.

Mrs. Olive B. Lawson, Box 95, Queenstown, Tas.

Feminine fear to be alone in house at night

TO stay alone in a house at night can bring very real fear, Ailsa Knight (27/4/40).

It does not necessarily mean that a woman is lacking in courage if she has that fear.

Highly sensitive and imaginative women usually dislike being left alone, but the fact that they submit when it is necessary surely proves their courage.

Mrs. James Burns, First Ave., East Adelaide.

Reason for nerves

NERVOUS fear arises from conscious or subconscious knowledge of lowered vitality. This condition breeds an ever-present feeling of insecurity.

Also it makes people fear the opinions of others, and if a woman thinks that other people consider her a coward to be nervous about staying alone in a house it makes her even more afraid.

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmaln St., Richmond E. Vic.

Assume bravery

I DOUBT if the "fear" attitude applies only to women. I believe men have the same feelings, but realising that they are depended upon they brace themselves to feel courageous.

Many women, while thoroughly dependent on men while the latter are present, can be brave if a situation calls for bravery.

Miss K. G. Porter, Jandowae, Qld.

Natural remedy

A GOOD watch-dog is the natural remedy for nervousness due to being alone in the house.

I think many women lay claim to nervousness for the sake of effect. Watch the change when there is real danger—there are no nerves then.

Also have a look at the audience at a horror film. They are mostly women—surprised but true!

O. Sharlot, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.

Why draw blinds to shut out air and sunshine? How we neglect those unwritten letters

I WAS delighted to read the advocacy by Mrs. E. Francis (27/4/40) of more light and fresh air in the home.

The psychological effect of a bright home is well worth considering, for there is nothing more depressing than a dull, stuffy house.

There would not be nearly as many people suffering from colds if they would only realise the necessity for open windows.

Mrs. M. Montgomery, 14 Broughton St., Glebe, N.S.W.

Fades furniture

WE may appreciate the sunshine, but it can be expensive if allowed to shine all day on curtains and furniture.

Many people who furnish their homes realise that the money they spend will not be available again for a similar purpose for a long time.

Too much sun can make a home look shabby and faded in a few months. If we want to sunbake we can go out of doors.

Mrs. P. Thomas, Rose St., Prospect, S.A.

Arrange curtains

IF people must have expensive curtains, why not arrange them so they can be drawn aside?

Then open the windows to allow the fresh air to penetrate into the rooms.

Fresh air and sunshine constitute the life of all living things.

Mrs. L. Murphy, 21 Hall St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

Why curious gaze at soldier escorts?

HAS any person noticed that sometimes an amused and cynical glance is cast at a girl who happens to be escorted by a soldier?

Such a glance seems to suggest that their meeting has been only a chance one.

Many boys and girls were friends before the lads joined up, so it is most unfair to infer otherwise.

Miss Rosalie Burke, 1 Fred St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Back to old days

IF we admit that we are afraid of the sunshine fading our furniture we are going back to the old days, when sun and air were regarded as dangerous.

Those terrible stuffy old houses overloaded with furniture must have been unhealthy as well as hideous. Housewives who pride themselves on being up to date surely choose their furniture of fadeless material.

Mrs. P. Phillips, P.O. Blackall, Qld.

Summer heat

WINTER sunshine is welcome in most houses, but what about the heat of the summer sun?

For a housewife to go out shopping on a hot day and then come home to a stifling house is far from pleasant.

If she draws the curtains and blinds early in the morning, she can do her shopping with the pleasant thought of coming back to a cool room for her afternoon's sewing or rest.

Miss L. Maclean, Sydney Rd., Parkville, Vic.

Is depressing

THERE is nothing more depressing than a room in semi-darkness, with blinds well down and windows closed.

A room lit by the sun is doubly warm and welcoming. The person who shuts it out to save curtains or furnishings is putting too much value on things which are worth comparatively little.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

WE all know personal thanks are far more appreciated than written acknowledgment. Miss Thompson (27/4/40).

With this in mind, we put aside the unanswered letter or gift, deter-



No news to tell.

mined to offer our thanks at our next meeting.

Something turns up, we are prevented from meeting, and our thanks are deferred.

Thus comes our "unwritten letter." Miss E. Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

Lack of time

EVERYTHING is taken for granted these days, and common politeness is a thing of the past.

Lack of time is generally the excuse given for non-acknowledgment of gifts, and frequently the recipient is a person with unlimited time for pleasure.

Miss Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Unappreciative?

THERE seems little excuse for necessary letters to remain unwritten, yet people are growing more and more careless in this respect.

To omit answering an invitation is a breach of etiquette, to say nothing of the inconvenience it causes to the hostess, who naturally has to make catering arrangements.

Equally ill-mannered is the person who neglects to write a note of thanks for a gift or for hospitality received.

Gladys King, St. George's Rd., Toorak, Vic.

"Like a MIRACLE"

De Witt's Pills

ENDED TERRIBLE

BACKACHE

That's how Mrs. O. C. describes the case of her husband. She, too, suffered agonising back pains, but was restored to health by De Witt's Pills.

"I suffered in misery for years with agonising pains in the back. After taking De Witt's Pills I was completely restored to health."

Another letter from Mrs. O. C. says: "My husband came home from work and could not straighten his back. He went to bed and I gave him your wonderful De Witt's Pills. In four days he was back at work—it was like a miracle."

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9

"I KNOW IT'S A TROUBLE-SOME TIME"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"But most of the trouble's grossly exaggerated. Obviously the change-over from a liquid to a solid diet is not easy for baby, but there's Robinson's 'Patent' Groats to help him—and you. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion. The cost? Very reasonable, and a tin lasts a long while."



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

"MY BOOK"

A complete guide to infant feeding will be sent if you write Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

STEP UP

to WARMTH
and BEAUTY
in
Sunny
QUEENSLAND

FOR INFORMATION
AND BOOKINGS APPLYQUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT
TOURIST BUREAU

17 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY

THE hole which was the entrance to the nest was clearly visible, and so was the little green bird—but a piece of stone had fallen and imprisoned it by the legs. It was struggling madly to get free, but the stone held it tight. For once Toothache had been misjudged.

"Oh, my golly," thought Jane, "it'll die—and if it does it'll close the hole up and the other bird and the fledgling'll all die of thirst and hunger."

What should she do? The nest was high up from the ground, stories too high to reach from the garden, too far down to reach from the bathroom window except by slithering down the drain-pipe.

The ladder was in the garage, but it was too heavy for Jane to carry. Arnie was away at his mother's birthday with cook. Father was

in London—in this rain he mightn't come home to-night at all, just go to an hotel. Marjorie? Marjorie had no love for animals. Her mother?

"After that poor little grisee and the way she hates poor old Popeye, she wouldn't get the ladder just for a bird," decided the frenzied Jane. "No, they won't get the poor bird free. It'll have to be me. An' if they catch me I'll get a punishment, but I don't care—"

She flashed the light on the struggling bird again. The stone seemed to have slipped more; if it had a jaggy edge it might cut the bird's legs off.

"Well, I've gone down the old pipe before, so I s'pose I can go again."

A knotted sheet, decided Jane, like she did when she and Pug and

The Fish that Stared

Continued from Page 38

Chaw played "Escaping from the Burning House"—only escaping from the woodshed six feet high wasn't as frightening as this.

"Well, I'm not frightened, see?" Jane told herself.

She stole back to her room, rather white-faced. Popeye rolled on his back and wagged his paws. Jane kissed him fiercely. Such a lovely little dog. How she loved him. Supposing she fell and was killed, who would look after him? Suppose they put him to sleep? That's what they called it when they smothered dogs to death.

Hastily Jane wrote a note:

"Dear Father,

"I have gone to freed the birds cause of kineness to animals, and Mother isn't cause they all ate the grills and it had big sorrow eyes Father. The birds cryen and if it dies the nest'll be bloked and starve to death. Please Father I love Popeye so will you love him till he dies promis faithful Father dear don't let our Marge and Mother hurt him he's a dear little dog and when you say who's a lovely boy he roles on his back and waggles. I love you too Father dear. If I die,
Your loving Jane."

Jane let herself out of the bathroom window, having tied the torch quite skillfully to the blind cord, where it illuminated the little green bird which was still crying and struggling.

"All right, shut up, you; I'm coming, you noisy thing, do you want to wake Mother?" inquired Jane in a hoarse whisper, but the bird didn't seem to hear her. It didn't seem to realise she was swinging out over a forty-foot drop on a sheet tied to the bathroom heated-towel rail, which had been cemented in by the workmen, and, hoped Jane, was nice and strong. The rain soaked her through immediately. Jane, her heart beating wildly, swung out, then in, caught the drain-pipe, then lost it, then caught it again. Would the sheet reach?

It did. Just. The torch lit up the hole. Jane could see the cause of the trouble now, a bit of cement, blown loose by the wind, probably. It held the poor bird by the claws. The frightened creature pecked at her as she tried to lift the cement and free it.

"YOU stop it. Ouch! I'm letting you out," cried Jane. There!

"Now go on, fly!" said Jane, as the cement clattered to earth, but she was totally unprepared for the bird flying in her face in its terror. With a scream she let the drain-pipe go, swung out—the sheet went rip!

"I'm falling!" yelled Jane. But she didn't. She swung back again and managed to catch her hand in the hole vacated by the little green bird—and the sheet had not ripped clean away. If only she could make nurse hear.

"Nurse, nurse!" screamed Jane. But there was no reply.

And then suddenly came the blessed sound of Popeye barking. And then the sound of a car!

Mr. Turpin, returning home after a dreadful journey in the rain, heard the dog barking, turned the spotlight of his car on the side of the house where the barks came from—to see a figure suspended from a white sheet between the two top floors of his house.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Turpin, who might well be excused after a Masonic dinner for thinking he was seeing things.

"Father!" called the faint voice of Jane!

"Jane, I'll get a ladder," he yelled. "Hang on—hang on!" He dashed to the garage.

Jane, with the aid of the spotlight of the car, found a foothold on the drain-pipe where there was a cross piece. Father had gone to get a ladder. In a minute or two she would be saved. Popeye was still barking above—he had saved her life—clever Popeye. And she had saved the little green bird's life, and the little green bird's mate's life and all the baby green birds' lives. And now Father would save her life, too.

Everybody's life was being saved but the poor helpless grisee's life, and she had failed to do that.

"I hope he's gone to heaven," thought Jane.

But it was difficult to believe



WILLIAM READ introduces the new pleat-stitching from bust to hemline on a frock of wool crepe in forest-green. The high, round neck with its open flap is immensely flattering.

that, after watching the hungry Walks devour his body.

"Well, only for the poor grisee I wouldn't have been awake an' saved the little green bird and its family," thought Jane. "Papa's the grisee likes that. It isn't me that saved the little green bird, but the grisee."

The thought comforted her slightly.

Perhaps the poor grisee hadn't given his life for nothing after all. (Copyright).

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

ARE YOU SERVING MEALS THAT LACK THESE 3 VITAL VITAMINS?

- B₁** — necessary for steady nerves, good digestion.
- B₂** — necessary for sturdy growth.
- P.P.** (THE ANTI-PPELLAGRIC FACTOR) — necessary for clear, healthy skin.

VEGEMITE, THE ONLY DELICIOUS, INEXPENSIVE YEAST EXTRACT THAT GIVES SUCH A CONCENTRATED SUPPLY OF THESE VITAMINS



RAGGED NERVES! Lack of Vitamin B₁.

Lack of Vitamin B₁ often results in serious nervous disorders. If you are run down and get that "weak, heavy feeling", then stir a third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk. It's the finest nerve tonic of all. Vitamin B₁ soon calms jumpy nerves.



WEAK STOMACH — Too little Vitamin B₁.

Active bowels, a healthy intestinal tract, and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. But often fallen stomach, weakened intestines, and many obscure nerve disorders come from an undersupply of Vitamin B₁. Make sure that your child is given plenty of Vegemite—and Vitamin B₁.



P.P.

UGLY PIMPLES! — Too little Vitamin P.P.

Pimples break out when the system is not getting enough Vitamin P.P., the anti-pellagic factor. You can keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing vitamin—P.P.

STUNTED GROWTH — Lack of Vitamin B₂.

Pretful, weak, under-nourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B₂—the growth vitamin. This vitamin is especially needed to ensure proper development of body tissues and build up all-round good health. Vegemite gives you a concentrated supply of this Vitamin B₂.



B₂



You need

VEGEMITE
every day ... IT'S DELICIOUS!

More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate support—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment, and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearances with the aid FASTEETH gives in holding invariable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to longer lasting enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER



Brunettes—do this!

Just wash your hair with Brunite—the special beauty shampoo, then how it removes dirt, dandruff and restores a thousand sparkling highlights to your hair. Brunite gives your hair a rich, silky texture. It gives you extra sex appeal. Remember, the first thing a man sees is your hair. Don't let dull, lifeless hair tell of your beauty. Try BRUNITEX at home tonight and see four hairs at its best.

BRUNITEX SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

MY MISTAKE

BEFORE my marriage I was a salesgirl in a large shop, where I found that most people were susceptible to a little flattery.

One day, when a number of women were surging round the counter, I saw a well-dressed woman putting on a hat in front of a mirror.

I gushed: "Oh, Madam, that hat was made for you."

"I know it was," she replied coldly, "It's my own."

10/6 to Mrs. G. Green, Ems Vale, Killybegs Line, Qld.

HOME MADE

AN old gentleman came into the shop where I work and bought three shillings' worth of assorted sweets and chocolates. Shortly after I arrived home that evening the doorbell rang and there stood the same old gentleman offering to sell me "delicious home-made sweets and chocolates."

2/6 to Miss E. Wilson, William St. P.O., King's Cross, N.S.W.

WRONG DESTINATION

BEFORE the war my father, wishing to give a Christmas present to my brother who was in Roma, a town in Queensland, enclosed a 10/- note with a letter addressed to the P.O. at Roma.

Not hearing from him my father again wrote him asking if he had received the earlier letter. My brother replied that he had not, and letter and money were given up as lost.

About three months later, my brother received the letter and 10/- note.

It had been sent to Rome, Italy, in error, and returned from that city unopened.

2/6 to Miss V. Haythorne, 625 High St. East Kew E.S., Vic.

METHODICAL MADNESS

LEAVING Vergemont Station, Queensland, for Christmas, my father and mates saw a man a few yards off the road standing by a dead horse, and saying, "Get up. I'll be late into town."

Dad decided the man was mad and they had better take him to town and hand him over to the police. After coaxing, they got him in the car. Every now and then they had to restrain him.

When the car pulled up at the police station the man got out and thanked them. Every passing car had refused him a lift, he said, so when he found the dead horse he pretended madness as the only way to get to town.

2/6 to Miss A. Renfrel, Wolfram St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

BARGAINS IN HUSBANDS

THE following appeared in one of our local papers and gave us much amusement.

"We intend having a jumble sale in the Parish Hall. This will give all housewives an opportunity of getting rid of things that are not worth keeping and yet too good to throw away. And, ladies, do not forget to bring your husbands."

2/6 to Miss Ann Miller, Harwood St., Aachenflower, Qld.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" Column.

Full address at top of Page 3.



"THE FIRE had burnt part of the mattress. The blanket was alight."

Baby's cry saved house from burning

Mother found cot ablaze

IT was a hot summer night, and, the mosquitoes being bad, I lit a mosquito destroyer and then thoughtlessly placed it on the wooden end of baby's cot.

About 2 o'clock in the morning baby cried. I got up straight away, as was my habit. It was a good thing I did. The wind had risen and had blown the burning preparation on to the end of the mattress.

It had burnt half through the thick kapok mattress. The blanket, a double one, had caught alight and the fire was going through the kapok beneath her back.

The heat had wakened her, and, grabbing her out of the cot, I ran with her to the other

bedroom, then back to get my two-year-old son out of the room.

My husband was away, and I had to beat the fire out alone. I was afraid that if I rang the fire brigade the whole house would catch alight before they could reach us.

Dragging the burning mattress out of the house, I threw it under the tank-stand and turned the tap on. Then I returned for the burning blanket.

When I had straightened everything out I discovered that my fingers and arms had been badly burnt. But I did not mind. My babies were safe. That was all that mattered.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Rose, 12 Rosebery St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Boy to rescue

ONE Sunday I was a member of a launch picnic party on the Myall River. The passengers were mostly women and children. There were three men, who knew very little about boats, and the owner-driver.

We had travelled about 16 miles up the river and were about half-way across Myall Lake, which, on this day, was fairly rough.

A gust of wind blew the driver's hat off and as he leaned over to retrieve it he fell into the water. By the time one of the men had grabbed the wheel we were some distance from the man who had gone overboard.

He could not swim, but managed to keep himself afloat.

The launch was turned and while trying to pick the man up the engine was eased off—and stopped.

The water was rough, the boat tossed helplessly, and the man unsuccessfully tried to start the engine going. In the party was my ten-year-old brother, and as my father had owned the launch formerly my brother had often seen him swing the flywheel.

He pleaded to be allowed to try. Whitefaced, he swung the heavy wheel for what seemed ages until at last he got the engine going.

Fortunately my young brother had had the presence of mind to push an oar overboard to the struggling man, who by this time was keeping afloat with its aid some distance away.

At last we hauled the man on board unconscious.

2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Cook, Myall St., Tea Gardens, N.S.W.

Roof blown off

WHEN we lived about 50 miles south of Adelaide we had a large house with a washhouse standing about 100 feet from the main building.

One very windy day I was washing, when the wind lifted the roof bodily from the walls and deposited it 100 feet away on a vacant block of land. It fell without a break as cleanly as if it had been lifted by a crane.

The wall near where I had been standing a few seconds before collapsed completely. I was struck by some of the smaller stones, but staggered safely to the house.

Had the accident happened a minute earlier I might have been killed.

2/6 to Mrs. O. M. Johns, 35 Roberts St., Parkside, S.A.

For Personal Daintiness with Warmth . . . choose
NEVASHRINK
The ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR
that hard washing in hot water **WON'T SHRINK**

If you have hesitated to wear all wool underwear because of washing difficulties then here's news for you. Here at last is unshrinkable all wool underwear that you can wash as thoroughly and scrupulously as you wish. Hard washing in hot soapy water won't shrink Eagle 'NEVASHRINK'. Repeated washing only makes them softer than before.

This is the result of a new world process of which Eagle has the exclusive rights for underwear in Australia.

You can rub and scrub your Eagle 'NEVASHRINK' in hot sudsy water and they retain their size and softness—they will not shrink. Here's a boon to those women who prefer the warmth and snugness of wool underwear, and who at the same time appreciate the freshness of regularly washed underwear.

All leading stores stock Eagle 'NEVASHRINK' All Wool Underwear in various styles and weights—and 'NEVASHRINK' costs no more than ordinary wool garments.

Look for the Eagle Brand Registered
NEVASHRINK
ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR
Made only by
Eagle
RUB IT—SCRUB IT . . . YOU CAN'T SHRINK IT!

READ ABOUT THESE THOROUGH TESTS!

Imagine pounding, rubbing and scrubbing your woollens in soapy water at 180° temperature for 15 minutes—it sounds unfair—but that's just what Eagle did with their 'NEVASHRINK' All Wool garments, under complete supervision of leading New South Wales and Victorian Laundries and the Royal Melbourne Hospital. In the same test were included several 'so-called' unshrinkable wool undergarments, purchased at leading city stores. The photograph below shows how these

'ordinary' garments matted and shrunk, whilst Eagle 'NEVASHRINK' was even softer than before and had not shrunk.

Taken after the tests above is Eagle 'NEVASHRINK'—no difference in size or softness. At right is an ordinary garment all matted and shrunk.

For the whole wash...
Rinso's
richer longer-lasting suds

HERES THE SPARKLING WHITENESS THAT **NEW RINSO** GIVES!

AND HERE'S THE SUDS THAT DO IT! AREN'T THEY **RICH**!

AND TAKE A PEEK AT MY COLOURED — AREN'T THEY BRIGHT! HOORAY FOR **RINSO** — FOR THE WHOLE WASH!

Rinso
 GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Speedy — Easy! Economical

Rinso gets whites sweeter, cleaner, snottier! And — lukewarm — keeps them lovely as new. Get an extra packet of Rinso for the kitchen — it's unbeatable for washing-up!

Learn 3 smart reasons why lovely women bath with

Super-milled LIFEBOUOY



1. It's extra mild

You can tell that when you use Super-milled Lifebuoy... a dainty coral pink colour and sm-o-o-th tablet. Yet, mild as it is, this lovely soap gives the famous Lifebuoy protection.

2. Lathers luxuriously

Super-milled Lifebuoy gives a thick creamy lather to whisk away tiredness... yet it leaves a delightful feeling of "glow."



3. Protects so discreetly

Super-milled Lifebuoy's discreet fragrance gives refined protection. Its clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but leaves you thoroughly assured of your personal freshness. Avoid the risk of "B.O." (Body Odour) and make a habit of a daily bath with Super-milled Lifebuoy.

Keeps you lovable—

A LEVER PRODUCT

Menfolk often prefer "Regular" Lifebuoy. So don't forget to order a supply of "Regular" Lifebuoy for them.



DON'T DIM IT - VIM IT

Tiles—woodwork—porcelain—kitchen-ware—they all wear ages longer and keep their new look with gentle Vim care! For Vim's soap-coated particles clean scratchlessly—polish as they clean. Use Vim! It's economical!

VIM
 FOR CLEANING
 SCOURING SCRUBBING
 AND POLISHING

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.97.1.W.W.

The Quest

Continued from Page 6

"I MEAN, you wouldn't believe the things a girl like me has to put up with. Men!" she said, and it was an entire paragraph. He watched her little finger curve elegantly as she lifted her glass.

"I suppose so," he admitted, thinking of the way his friends said:

"Those girls!"

The place was getting crowded. The small tables were so jammed together she had to lean close to make him hear several terrible things that had almost happened to her. Neither of them paid any attention to the cabaret.

"A girl like me has to plan and plan," she went on. She had seldom had such an audience. She made her eyes round and young. "I mean like—well, look: here's winter coming and everything. You think I wouldn't like a fur coat instead of just a cape? Course I would. But—" She had a trick of conveying much in one word.

"Perhaps there's a Santa Claus, Evie. How do you know? Perhaps Santa Claus will get you a fur coat. You can't tell."

"You mean—"

"I just said perhaps there's a Santa Claus."

"Oh, darling, you mustn't. Oh, I don't know what to say."

"Evie." His hand had hers again. In the noise and bustle her face stood out, clear, excited, making his heart lurch. He knew she knew what he had almost said. He could see her there in his flat, ordering the servants about, and dashing into shops commanding: "Put this down to Mrs. ——" "Well, why not?" he asked himself. "My money can't buy anything better than pouring it over a kid who hasn't had much luck."

"Cigars? Cigarettes?"

Their moment broke. The cigarette-girl with her tray on a ribbon round her neck stopped at his table. She repeated her little cry like a Dresden china huckster: "Cigars? Cigarettes?"

"Oh!" Evie drew back. "No, No, we don't want any!"

The cigarette-girl stood there with her young face set in a smile. She made herself smile even more brightly. "A corsage?" She picked up two gardenias from her tray, tied with a sagging silver band. She looked at Maurice. "For the lucky lady?" She held them out.

His hand went automatically to his pocket. "How much?"

"Only a pound."

He said, "All right!" and found a note.

"No," Evie cried sharply.

He turned to her. "Why not?"

Her hand was on his arm. "A pound! Darling, I won't let you throw away your money like that."

"But Evie," he tried to say it so that the cigarette-girl standing there with her tray and her smile wouldn't hear, "but Evie, you don't understand. That girl can keep whatever she can wangle over half a crown or so. She's trying to

make her living—you know, the same as you."

"Well, goodness, so what? We don't have to buy her wilted dandelions."

He looked. They weren't dandelions, but they were wilted, all right. The cigarette-girl looked wilted, too, in spite of her smile. He waved her away.

"Come on, Evie. Let's go."

"Whatever you say, darling." She slipped the gold lighter back into her purse and rose.

Out in the street he hailed a cab. To Evie's astonishment, he told her to get in, and then he gave her the pound note.

"But darling—"

"Good-bye, Evie," he said, and slammed the taxi door.

That was how, an hour later, he happened to be helping the cigarette-girl into his car. After she had told the driver where she lived, he didn't say a word for almost a mile. Then, "Really, home?" he asked.

"You see," she said, "I have a friend who's out of a job, and she isn't well, and she's staying in my room, and she waits for me. She's having rather a tough time, and—well—"

HE took out a cigar slowly. "Is that so?" After he had the cigar going he said: "You're not paying a brother's school fees, are you? Or keeping a widowed mother, or supporting a dear old dad who's just come out of a hospital?"

"I don't know what you mean."

He knew. For the first time it came to him that perhaps his friends were right when they said, "Those girls!" and laughed when he said that, given a chance, they'd win through too.

The car stopped. "Well—thank you for bringing me home," she said.

"Wait a minute." He got out and stood with her in the narrow street. She stepped back from him. "Good night. My friend is waiting—"

"You're sure?"

"Am I sure, what?"

He threw away his cigar. "That she's waiting. That you've got a friend. That you've got a friend up there that you're helping." He tried to see her face. He thought if he could get one square look there in the dim street light he could see through her, see all there was to see. She looked up at him. Still, he couldn't tell. Perhaps he had seen through so many disappointments his sight was blunted. "I'd like to meet your friend," he said a little desperately. "Could I?"

She hesitated. In that second, he thought: "She hasn't a friend. Just another line. Just fooling me." Then he saw her face, sure and unafraid and open.

"Well," she said, "just for a minute. We're a bit crowded up there, but we get along. I mean I'm glad I can help her out just a little."

"I'm glad you're glad," he said following her. "Pancie really meeting you—after all these years!"

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



A CLASSICALLY simple Erik design in white silk straw with "tux" edge brim and a becoming "bee-keeper's" shoulder veil.



Give the
'Ritz' Touch
to
**BEEF
STEAK**

Wipe the steak, then rub mustard liberally into both sides before cooking! Do the same with a coat of beef, only use more mustard. You'll be surprised how delicious the meat tastes—finer flavour, more tender and digestible.



Yours till
SEPTEMBER 2nd.

FREE

to protect Your food from
WINTER DANGERS

**SYDNEY'S
WINTER IS
TOO HOT
FOR FOOD SAFETY**

SUMMER AND WINTER YOU NEED THE
PROTECTION, CONVENIENCE & ECONOMY
of Electric Refrigeration



• In order to prove to you that an electric refrigerator can save you money and improve your food in WINTER as well as summer, your nearest electrical retailer will supply

any of the refrigerators named below to customers of the Sydney County Council ABSOLUTELY FREE! It can remain in your kitchen until September 2nd next and you'll have nothing to pay. At the end of that period you purchase the refrigerator by low monthly payments spread over 5 years . . . and NO DEPOSIT WILL BE ASKED FOR. Immediate application should be made to any electrical retailer.

Your choice can be made from these Australian-made refrigerators:—

COLDAIRE, COLDSTREAM, ELECTRICE, GENALEX, GULBRANSEN, HEALING, HOSTESS, PALING VICTOR, SENTINEL, SNOW QUEEN, WYNYARD.



AVERAGE
SYDNEY WINTER
TEMPERATURE..

62.3°

FOOD SAFETY
TEMPERATURE..

50°

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Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

OCCASIONALLY

he glanced at the small, patient figure on the extreme edge of the river bank. Thomas sat hunched up, his chin resting on his hand, every line of his body expressing intensity.

"Enjoying yourself?" asked Duke. "You bet," said Thomas, without stirring.

At twelve o'clock Thomas had a bite. Duke yelled with excitement, but Thomas' face remained earnest and intent, as with professional skill he proceeded to bring in his line. When the shining, gasping fish lay on the bank, however, he let out a wild whoop and executed a war dance round it.

"I think that means lunch," said Duke. "Supposing we cook this chappie."

"You've said it," pronounced Thomas, with his accustomed brevity, but his face was flushed and shining.

A fire was lit, the fish cleaned and cooked, the hamper opened, and plates and bread and butter set out. Nothing, Duke thought, tasted half so delicious as fresh fish cooked in the open. Thomas apparently shared this view, for halfway through the meal he sighed deeply and said:

"Gee! I'm happy."

"Fine," approved Duke.

"It's your turn to fish next, sir."

"Oh, I don't think I'll bother to-day, Thomas. I'm lazy. You have another shot at it. To-morrow we'll bring two lines."

"To-morrow, sir?"

Duke looked at the shining face. "I've planned to make this a real fishing holiday," he said seriously. "I hope to get out every day. Of course, I shall need you. Like to come?"

"Like!" whispered Thomas. "Oh, gee! You don't understand! I mean—oh, gee!"

Thomas got thoroughly tangled and began to shout with laughter. It was the first time Duke had heard him laugh. He had a queer, uncomfortable feeling about it. Something was wrong when children didn't laugh.

The fortnight passed rapidly. Thomas' face took on a healthy

tan from being so much in the open, and Duke discovered that life could be passed very pleasantly by lounging about on green river banks and forgetting problems. There had been five violently reproachful letters from Evelyn, all of which he had ignored. But he had written once to Lee, telling her of his fishing and of Thomas.

The last day was squally, with a keen wind whipping across the river, and the leaves falling. Duke wouldn't have gone out at all if it hadn't been for Thomas' disappointment. As it was, they sat huddled in overcoats, and Thomas' nose was as red as a berry.

Late in the day Duke had a bite, and as he hauled in his line he said, "Well, Thomas. My last catch."

Thomas rubbed fiercely at his glowing nose. "You'll be coming again soon, sir?"

"I'm afraid not, Thomas. You see, I'm either getting married or not having another holiday for a year. I really came down here to solve a problem, and I'm no nearer solving it than when I came. A chap's not much good when he's got an indecisive mind like that."

He looked keenly at Thomas to see whether the kid minded his going. But Thomas' face was white and stolid, except for that ridiculous glowing nose.

On the way home Thomas sniffed repeatedly and frequently raised his arm to rub his coat sleeve furtively across his nose.

"Caught a cold?" asked Duke.

"No, sir."

"Got a handkerchief?"

Thomas shook his head violently.

Duke passed his own across, with the remark, "If that's not a cold—"

"It's n-not, sir!" A streaming face was lifted up to him, and Thomas was confessing in an agony of shame "I'm blubbing."

"Well, why—why on earth?" Duke began uncomfortably. Suddenly he found himself longing intensely for Lee. She would know how to deal with this crisis. He slid an arm round the kid's shoulders, and with the slight, bony figure pressed

against him completed the remaining distance home. There Thomas slipped away, leaving Duke to ponder on what he was breaking his heart over—surely not because this had been their last day together?

That night Duke played on the piano in the parlor at the Coach and Horses. It was an instrument of doubtful value and out of tune, but it aroused the old ecstasy in Duke. He forgot Lee and her laughing face; he forgot the sensation of a sharp little body pressed against him, a shiny little nose rubbed red with wind and grief. He was conscious only of the wild, flashing joy, the sense of power, the conviction that he was no longer himself, but a part of this flying, brilliant music. He played for an hour and thought by then that he was tired to his music for ever. With his mind still flying up and down glittering arpeggios, he went out into the dusk and rain and found the post office and despatched a telegram to Evelyn telling her the time of his train's arrival the next day. That was the only way he could think of to make this mood of exaltation a permanent one.

BY

the next morning, however, Duke found that it was very difficult to retain an exalted mood, and the thought of Evelyn waiting to fling her loving arms round his neck was singularly depressing. He regretted that impulsive telegram intensely.

Then there was Thomas to add to his depression. Thomas, the ungrateful little beggar, hadn't even turned up to say good-bye. Duke's bags had to be carried down by Mr. Crabb himself, who wasted his breath in cursing all the odd-job boys in existence, and then could only pant and splutter down the stairs. Duke himself was surprised at how much he missed that sharp little body trotting beside him. Thomas had let him down. Hang it all, the kid didn't deserve to have been given a whole fortnight's fishing. He told himself not to be a fool, as his eyes persisted in straying up and down the station platform for a glimpse of an untidy head and a thousand freckles a-quiver with excitement. He was as sentimental as a woman.

Thomas didn't appear. Duke despondently climbed aboard the train, bought a newspaper and buried himself in it. As he read the details of a particularly sordid murder his mind was busy with the thought that never before had he had such a delightful holiday, lying about on green river banks and hunting thrushes' nests, and listening to young Thomas' shrill voice, and dreaming occasionally that he could hear Lee laughing beside him. And that, as the husband of Evelyn Layton, such simplicity would be denied him for ever. Exaltation and weariness. Strange how young Thomas had never bored him. Nice to have given the kid one happy fortnight, anyway. Be all right for a man to have a son like that. But there'd have to be a woman in the picture, and you couldn't imagine Evelyn a mother.

Duke had had the carriage to himself when the train had started, but now the door opened hesitatingly, then shut again with extreme care, and Duke, deep in his newspaper, was conscious that someone had sat down at the other end of the carriage. Presently he looked over the top of his paper and had difficulty in restraining a shout of surprise. For the small untidy head turned diligently to look out of the window, the freckled cheek, the little huddled body, the stumpy legs were unmistakable.

"Well, Thomas?" said Duke. The tousled head shot round.

Continued from Page 11

Thomas' mouth quivered, but his eyes were as steady as ever and called for Duke's admiration.

"Travelling to-day, Thomas?"

Duke inquired pleasantly.

Thomas gulped. "Yes, sir."

"Going far?"

"No—not very, sir."

"I missed you this morning, Thomas."

The freckles were a-quiver. "Did you, sir?"

"You didn't say anything about this yesterday."

"No, sir."

"On holiday?"

"Not—exactly, sir."

"Confound you, Thomas! Be more explicit. Where are you going?"

Thomas flushed, one boot stubbed violently at the seat opposite.

"I thought maybe, sir—maybe you'd want someone to help you with your luggage."

Duke gasped. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he brought out softly. "That is a bright idea, Thomas. Taking into consideration the fact that you can't even carry my stuff up a flight of stairs."

Thomas' flush became deeper. His lip drooped; he looked ashamed and woe-begone.

"Have you got a ticket?" Duke demanded.

Thomas shook his head miserably.

"Well, that's a nice state of affairs. You're not very businesslike, are you?"

Duke relapsed into silence, drumming his fingers on the window-sill and wondering whether to be angry or amused, and succeeding only in feeling extremely perplexed. One couldn't arrive in town with the equivalent of a faithful puppy at one's heels—or could one?

"What are you going to do about me, sir?" came an anxious whisper from across the carriage.

Duke roused himself. "I'm afraid, Thomas, this story is going to have a sad ending. I shall have to inform the guard of your regrettable attempt to deprive the railway company of its legitimate revenue."

"What's that mean?" demanded Thomas hoarsely.

"It means, Thomas, that you're travelling without a ticket."

Thomas turned to look out of the window. Duke could see only the pink tip of his ear. Thomas sniffed. He sniffed six times in succession.

Duke remarked, "I'm afraid it's a cold this time, Thomas. We shouldn't have gone fishing in that weather yesterday."

There was no answer. Thomas stared resolutely out of the window. The door opened.

"All tickets, please!"

Duke fumbled in his pocket and handed his ticket across to the guard, conscious all the time of a small, wet, desperate face staring at him from the other end of the carriage.

Snip! Snip! The guard passed on. Towered over Thomas. Thomas crouched in his seat.

"Ticket, sonny," demanded the guard.

Duke thought, Good heavens, the situation's absurd, but that ugly, scared, little face is going to haunt me all my life if I don't do this.

"Oh, sorry, guard, I'm responsible for the boy," he called, as if he had just recollected the matter. "We didn't have time to get a ticket before we left. How much is it?"

The guard stared at him with suspicion. Duke smiled ingenuously.

"We jumped on as the train was moving. Just caught her by the skin of our teeth. Didn't we, Thomas?"

Thomas nodded speechlessly. The guard grunted.

"Four and fourpence."

Duke counted out the money. A form was written out and clipped. The guard departed. Thomas stared out of the window. Duke grew tired of the contemplation of a patch of freckles and one pink ear.

He said, "Confound you, Thomas, you might at least say thank you."

For answer, a small, agile body hurled itself across the carriage and on to Duke's chest. Sober Thomas through and through, Duke's arms held the quivering body close.

"Well, you're a funny morsel," he said unsteadily.

Evelyn was waiting on the station as the train came in. Duke was tempted to seize young Thomas and slip off through the crowd, but in face of his telegram last night that seemed a rather caddish thing to do. So he sighed resignedly and pushed his way through the crowd and greeted her.

"Oh, Duke!" shrieked Evelyn. "I thought I should never find you. Isn't the crowd terrible! Duke, why ever did you run away like that? I've been miserable!"

Duke bit his lip. "I didn't run away," he shouted. "I only went—hang it all, let's get out of this noise. I can't shout explanations. Oh, by the way, Evelyn, this is Thomas."

Evelyn looked down at Thomas, who was clinging with one hand to Duke's coat sleeve and with the other to Duke's dressing-case, and contriving to look very shabby and diminutive.

"Who?" she asked haughtily.

"Thomas," yelled Duke.

Evelyn stared disapprovingly at Thomas. Duke stared at Evelyn, and Thomas stared at the two of them, and if he had had a tail he would have wagged it.

"Don't look at him," said Duke, "as if he were a family skeleton. He's my bag-carrier, my boot-cleaner, you know, all the sort of things one has a boy for."

"And since when," said Evelyn frigidly, "have you been able to afford a boy?"

"Well, it's not exactly that darling. The fact is, the kid took a fancy to me and followed me. I imagined he'd be useful to me."

"Followed you? Of all the impertinence! You'll send him back at once, of course?"

Duke looked uncomfortable. "We can't do that, can we, Thomas? You don't understand, Evelyn. Thomas was frightfully unhappy where he was. Ill-treated and all that."

"And so you imagined yourself in the role of benefactor. Very admirable, Duke, but let me tell you that you can't run away for a fortnight without any explanation and ignore all my letters, and then come back with an unfortunate orphan in tow and expect me to fling my arms round your neck!"

Please turn to Page 46



A dinky, smart "hair-do" . . . it draws attention to your pretty self . . . and then—horrors—the eyes see dandruff flakes working through from your poor "perm-ized," paralysed scalp!

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Mandrake the Magician

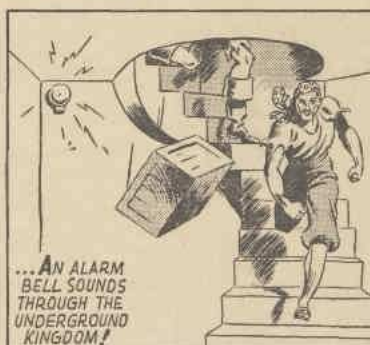


THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has come upon what
 seems to be the famous "pirate" treasure said to be
 hidden near the estate of
COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter, whose daughter,
DOT: Has been kidnapped by men dressed as pirates and
 taken into their underground hideout. Meantime
 Mandrake and Lothar have captured a mysterious

stranger who is left outside while they go into the
 treasure room.

Having discovered that the "treasure" is really
 smuggled goods, they are examining the articles when
 the roof begins to pour sand down on them and they
 cannot escape. They are almost smothered when,
 suddenly, the door is opened by their captive stranger.
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DUKE'S discomfort passed. He began to laugh softly. "How very strange, Evelyn. That's exactly what I was hoping you wouldn't do. I detest having arms flung round my neck in public. So Thomas has proved his usefulness already."

Evelyn's face was scarlet. "Duke, you beast! Stop laughing at once. Are you going to send that child back to where he came from?"

"I am not."

"Then I'll never speak to you again. There!" She stamped her foot angrily. "So you can choose between your precious Thomas and me."

Duke's eyes went to Thomas' small, tense, tear-stained face. "That's melodrama," he said scornfully.

"It's not! It's fact. It's you who are being melodramatic, going all sentimental over a horrid little runaway."

Duke sighed. "Well, it's bad taste, anyhow, shouting at each other in public. Let's get out of this. I'll get a taxi."

But Evelyn flung herself in front of him.

"Answer me!" she demanded shrilly. "Which is it to be—me or Thomas?"

Duke sighed again and gripped Thomas' hand. "Oh, well! Come along, Thomas."

"Now look what's happened," he said, when they were outside the station. "I've quarrelled with my career."

Thomas didn't understand that, but he was sure about one thing. "Geel! She was wild, wasn't she?"

"You've said it," commented Duke abstractedly, wondering why he had such a marked preference for Thomas' company. It meant, of course, that he didn't love Evelyn, and that he had a queer affection for those three freckles on the tip of Thomas' nose. But a fellow was pretty rash to throw away his career for the sake of a few cute freckles.

"I think we'll take a bus, Thomas. I wish you'd tell me what I'm to do with you. You can't carry my bags all day long, and you can't even put in a great deal of time cleaning my subjects. Haven't you any ideas on the subject?"

"If you had a garden, sir, I could look after that."

"Yes, but I haven't. Perhaps Lee will have some suggestion."

Lee was out when they arrived home. Duke ushered Thomas into his rooms and told him to amuse himself as well as he could, and himself went to his piano and played. But his piano didn't yield the amount of pleasure it should have done after an absence. Duke played abstractedly, while his mind dwelt on a picture of a cottage, and a garden for Thomas to work in, and himself strolling home from the office, and a soft voice from within the house calling—

"Hullo, Duke," called Lee's soft voice.

Duke swung round. Lee was in the doorway. She had on a pale green frock and a wide green hat. She was smiling, and lights were dancing in her eyes.

"Hullo!" yelled Duke, springing up. "Geel, it's good to see you! Lee, for goodness' sake, can you tell me what I'm to do with Thomas?"

"Thomas?" Lee's delicate eyebrows went up.

"This," explained Duke, indicating Thomas, who stood stiffly at attention. "I told you about him in my letter. The little beggar's attached himself to me. I've already quarrelled with Evelyn over him, shouted at each other on the railway station. I know I'm a fool, but he's rather a cute kid. You'll like him."

Lee went over and took Thomas' hand. Thomas grinned at her.

"The first thing to do," she said, decisively, "is to get him something to eat."

"Jove, you're right!" exclaimed Duke. "I never thought of that. Let's all go to the cafe on the corner and we'll decide something while we eat."

The meal was hilarious, and at the end of it exactly nothing had been decided about Thomas' future. First, of course, Duke would have to fix things up with Mrs. Crabbe. He felt pretty certain she'd be only too pleased to be rid of the little beggar. But he had added a little to the cottage and garden picture in his mind. The voice calling from the window was Lee's. No one else could call quite so softly and delightfully. And he had made the discovery, too, that he would like to do nothing better than kiss those bright, bright lips of Lee's. Slightly disquieting, that discovery. And one that didn't fit in with plans for a career as a famous pianist.

Thomas, Duke decided, could share

Thomas

Continued from Page 44

his room that night, but the next day he had to work, and the Lord knew what was to be done with the kid.

"I'll look after him," Lee offered. "It's my day off. We'll do the nights, Thomas."

"Shall we go on a bus?" Thomas demanded, freckles a-quiver with anticipation.

"Thomas!" Duke demanded solemnly. "Thank whatever gods there be that Lee isn't like Evelyn."

A good deal of Duke's time next day was occupied in the thought of those two bus riding, and when Evelyn rang up he was in no mood for her penitence. There was no need, however, to make any sound beyond an occasional grunt. The enchanting lisp at the other end flowed on ceaselessly.

"Dear Duke, you have forgiven me, haven't you? I'm so sorry! I was terrible! And Thomas was such a sweet child. Of course, you can keep him if you're so attached to the little fellow. I'll pay his wages myself."

(This was one of the occasions when Duke grunted.)

"That shows you how sorry I am, doesn't it? I'll come and see you at your rooms to-night and we'll have a nice little talk about the future. About six. Will you be home then? Duke! Will you be home then? Duke! Are you there?"

Duke awoke from a dream of Lee's bright lips laughing down at young Thomas.

"Yes, yes, of course, darling. Come round, by all means. What's that? Yes—oh, for heaven's sake, dry up!" he muttered to himself.

So apparently he hadn't flung his career away yesterday after all. Evelyn was so confoundingly tenacious. Once she decided she wanted a thing—good heavens! It was five o'clock. Lee and Thomas would be home. Duke shuffled his papers together, flung them into his desk, and tore out.

LEE and Thomas were not at home when he arrived. At half-past five Duke heard stealthy footsteps on the stairs and peeped through half an inch of doorway to see the two stealing past laden with parcels. They vanished into Lee's room. Duke, unable to restrain his curiosity, went and banged on the door.

"You can't come in!" called Lee agitatedly. "Duke, please! Stop that noise! We'll call you when we're ready."

"It's a surprise!" yelled Thomas. "I'm here."

"Don't tell him, Thomas. Duke, go away!"

Duke went off, offended. To revenge himself he pounded hideously on his piano and hoped Lee was listening. He took a fierce delight in producing all the discord he could and the valve at his ear had reached a shriek before he was conscious of it.

"Duke! It's Evelyn! Duke! I know your music is heavenly, but I'm here."

Duke's fingers came to rest. "W-what?" he gasped weakly.

"I'm here," said Evelyn, flinging her arms round his neck and enveloping him in a gust of perfume.

Duke shook himself free. "Did you say that—that noise was heavenly?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, it was superb! Duke, they'll rave over you in America."

"But my dear, good woman! Do you mean to say you thought that atrocious noise—"

"It's ready, sir!" yelled Thomas, from the doorway. "Lee's waiting."

"Was music?" finished Duke

breathlessly, and tore after Thomas down the passage.

The most prominent feature in Lee's room was a pink iced cake, ornamented with ten yellow candles, on the centre of the table. There were other things, too. Pies and buns and jellies and fruit salad, but the cake, with its brave array of candles, dwarfed everything else.

Yet, strangely enough, Duke scarcely saw it. He scarcely saw anything but Lee, with her soft eyes and her laughing face.

"It's Thomas' birthday," she explained. "At least, it's not his proper birthday, but he hasn't ever had one before, so we decided he should have one to-day."

Thomas dragged Duke to a chair. "Sit down, sir. Look, that's my cake! I've got to cut it."

"Well," said Duke. "You greedy little beggar."

"Oh, Duke!" called a plaintive voice. "I'm here. You haven't forgotten, have you?"

Duke turned. "Come in, Evelyn," he invited exuberantly. "Come and meet Lee. Lee, this is Evelyn. And here's Thomas. Come and have some of Thomas' birthday cake."

"No, thank you. Evelyn's face had grown frigid. "You will remember I came to talk about your future."

"Hang my future," said Duke cheerfully. "I'm hungry. So's Thomas."

"Duke, if you're going to let that little boy—"

"Interfere with my career?" said Duke. "As a matter of fact, Evelyn, I'm not frightfully interested in my career at the moment. I'm all for a cottage and a garden and—look here, Evelyn, are you going to have tea with us or not?"

"I am not," said Evelyn.

"Oh, very well. Lee, shall we start?"

"Duke!"

"Yes, Evelyn?"

"Is this final?"

"Is what final?" asked Duke wearily.

"This nonsense about giving up your career?"

Duke looked at Lee. Quite unaccountably Lee blushed. Her lashes dropped. Duke was suddenly breathless with a wild, sweet exaltation. At last he knew without the slightest doubt what he wanted to do. He did it, there and then. He went round the table and took Lee in his arms and kissed her bright lips.

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Nothing stops the Pain like HARRISON'S PILLS

THE HOMEMAKER

May 18, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Beauty in the middle years

LOVELINESS isn't only for the very young. There's no need to feel that old age is catching up just because you are approaching the half-century mark. Beauty can be yours for years ahead yet and life can still be interesting.

By JANETTE

PERHAPS your children are grown up and are either married or have their own interests. You are round about the 50 mark, and feel there's nothing else to look forward to now except approaching old age.

That outlook is entirely wrong!

The real truth is that you are now at one of the best stages of a woman's life and it's up to you to make the most of it.

As a shining example, look at the pictures on this page of Billie Burke, the film star.

Billie Burke has simply refused to allow herself to look old, yet she has now passed the 50 mark. Hard to believe, isn't it?

This actress has led a most



BACK VIEW of the coiffure, showing how the hair is brushed smoothly and where it is long at the back formed into a simple roll.



STILL YOUNG—Billie Burke, RKO film star, who, although in her middle years, is still lovely to look at, vital and glamorous, is still able to lead a strenuous life and follow a successful career.

strenuous life, she has a grown-up daughter, Patricia, yet she is still young-looking, vital, and glamorous. And she is still pursuing a brilliant career.

How does she do it, you ask? First of all, she has never allowed herself to become old mentally. She has kept herself alert, interested in everything and, even in the face of adverse circumstances, has never lost the ability to laugh.

In addition, she has always watched her diet. She never touches alcohol, eats a minimum of starch, no sweets, and bases her meals, instead, on a little meat, plenty of fruit and vegetables, fruit juices and plenty of water between meals.

And she never misses out on some

form of daily exercise to keep her body young and supple.

Skin and hair care, of course, have always been a daily ritual with her. "But I haven't had the time to look after myself—I've been too busy bringing up my family," you say.

Well, you have more time now, so take stock of yourself and decide to do something about the old-age problem if you want to enjoy life.

Physically, perhaps, you may have slumped—taken on unwanted pounds. Frankly, you consider, you look your age, and your hair is no longer a crowning glory.

All of which is no reason why you shouldn't concentrate on making yourself as lovely as possible to look at.

SIDE VIEW of the coiffure worn by Billie Burke. A softening fringe over the forehead and side pieces swept up high on either side give a lift to the face.

Probably a permanent (if you have never had one) will do more to give you a start in the right direction than any one other thing.

Get a good one—the best is none too good. Go to an expert and have your hair problem diagnosed, and not only have a permanent (unless your hair is naturally curly, and then you are blessed), but have it arranged in a new and more becoming style.

Above all, be taught how to arrange it yourself at home so that you will always have a presentable and becoming coiffure.

Now about your skin! Many women after forty-five find their skin dry and inclined to lines. If it is exceedingly dry and allowed to remain so, the fine lines are sure to become wrinkles.

Complexion care

DRY skin should receive not only regular daily lubrication, but—what is just as important—the circulation must be stimulated.

This may be done by using a good face-pack, which, if used properly, will stimulate the skin, keep it soft and fine of texture. Grey and sallow skin will respond very satisfactorily to the twice-a-week mask.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly, then apply the face-pack (your chemist or beauty shop can supply you with a suitable pack). Follow directions closely and lie down while the pack is on the face.

After you have removed the pack according to its directions, apply some of your favorite lubricating skin cream and allow it to remain on the skin for some time.

Remove this with tissues and then pat all over the skin with pads of absorbent cotton that have been saturated in a mild astringent. The astringent should be icy cold.

You will be so delighted with the appearance of your complexion after this treatment you will need only an accent of rouge, a bit of lipstick, and a dusting of skin-matching face powder. (Never make the mistake of using a too-light-toned face powder.)

Looking younger as you will, feeling younger as you should, go forth rejoicing that life is pretty interesting after all.



By Famous Continental Stylist

"Vivacity characterises to-day's heads—as a challenge, no doubt, to the times," says M. Stegmar, late of Maison Wielsch, premier Salon of Zurich, who has won many international awards, including the London Grand Prix, for designing coiffures to symbolise the world's fashion trend.

"My 1940 creation, **FANTASIA**, has a sparkling sophistication, becoming to lovely Australian women. . . .

"But of course no stylist would attempt to create such an elaborate coiffure without first using **VELMOL** to make the hair soft, pliant, and wave-holding. . . . And no woman would attempt to wear it, without the aid of regular Velmol 'damp-sets' to keep each swirl perfectly and naturally in place."

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Yes, and "damp-setting" is the secret behind those latest Hollywood hair styles you most admire, too! For a Velmol "damp-set" is so simple . . . works perfectly on any hair . . . and takes just 4 minutes!

Whether your style is a simple coiffure, or a gorgeous extravaganza—give yourself the lasting thrill of a fashionably-moded head by using Velmol to "damp-set" it.

and to keep it lustrous, silky and always "in place"!

No need for costly sets to vanish into disarray after one night's slumber . . . an hour in the wind.

No more need to crowd rebellious tresses under "invisible" nets.

If you will just spend 2/- to-day for a bottle of Velmol at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair stylists use and recommend Velmol "damp-sets."

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

All sorts of ways to take APPLES for HEALTH

EAT some fruit every day, say nutrition experts, if you want to keep well. What better old standby than the homely apple? You can dish it up in so many different ways, as well as eating it raw. Use apples for making soup, savory main dishes, and sweets. Here are recipes.

HOW to serve your apples—stewed, or in the form of an apple pie?

Well, try some of these recipes for a change. Apples are good any way, but you'll relish some of the dishes given here.

SOMERSET MERINGUE TART

Six ounces rich shortcrust, 1 cup crystal sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons crushed macaroons, 4 cooking apples, pinch grated nutmeg, 2 eggs, 2 heaped tablespoons icing sugar.

Line a deep, lightly-buttered pie-plate thinly with the pastry and ornament the edges. Prick the bottom with a fork. Peel, core and thinly slice the apples into a basin, add sugar, strained juice and grated

rind of lemon. Mix lightly with a wooden spoon. Pack into the lined pie-plate. Beat the egg-yolks in basin, stir in the milk, salt and crushed macaroons. Pour over the apple. Bake in a hot oven till the pastry is risen and set, then reduce heat to very moderate to finish cooking. When quite cooked beat the egg-whites till stiff. Stir in icing sugar and pile on top. Return to oven and bake in very cool oven till tipped a pale biscuit color.

APPLES ON STICKS

One pound crystal sugar, 1 pint hot water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 12 red eating apples.

Place sugar, water and cream of tartar into a medium-sized saucepan. Heat slowly till sugar has dissolved, then boil steadily, stirring until syrup turns a golden color. Remove saucepan from heat and place in a larger pan of



hot water. This prevents the syrup from setting too quickly. Pierce each apple with a wooden skewer. Dip the skewered apples one at a time into the syrup, completely covering the apples. Twist to cut off the syrup, and place on a buttered tin. When set, wrap in waxed paper and use the same day.

PORK SAUSAGES WITH FRIED APPLES

One pound pork sausages, 4 cooking apples, 4 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 1 lb. mashed potatoes.

Peel apples, remove the core, then cut into 4 thick slices. Dip them in seasoned flour and fry in a small quantity of fat, until browned on both sides and kept whole. Place on dish and keep hot. Prick flour and fry sausages at first, in moderately heated fat, to prevent them bursting. Fry for 12 to 15 minutes, drain on paper. Grill tomato halves. Pour away frying fat and make a pan gravy.

Place a mound of mashed potatoes on a hot dish. Stand sausages

upright on the potato mound and arrange fried apple and grilled tomatoes round the dish. Serve pan gravy separately in a sauceboat.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



15 WAYS

OF MAKING Guests HAPPY

Banquet soups, ready to eat the moment you open the can. Rich, wholesome soups, full of simmered-in goodness. Made from the finest ingredients, made with Heinz experience and care. . . .

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BY SERVING

KRAFT CHEDDAR CHEESE

1 CHEAPER THAN MEAT

Pound for pound, Kraft Cheddar contains twice as much nourishment as meat. That's why you should vary your menu and include more Kraft Cheddar. Also—Kraft Cheddar provides calcium which builds strong bones and sound teeth. Extra Phosphorus—Green vegetables provide phosphorus—but Kraft Cheddar is rich in this vital mineral you need for strong bones.

2 FOUR PRIZE-WINNING CHEESES IN ONE

Year after year, Kraft cheeses win championships and prizes at Australia's greatest Agricultural and Dairy Shows. When you get four prize-winning cheeses in one. This proves the quality of Kraft Cheddar. It's the best—and consistently best cheddar you can buy.

KRAFT CHEDDAR IS EXTRA RICH IN THESE VITAL ELEMENTS

Extra Calcium—Milk contains calcium, but Kraft Cheddar provides extra calcium—which builds strong bones, sound teeth.

Extra Phosphorus—Green vegetables provide phosphorus—but Kraft Cheddar is rich in this vital mineral you need for strong bones.

Extra Vitamin A—Butter contains Vitamin A. Kraft Cheddar gives you an extra supply to build up resistance to disease.

Extra Protein—Meat provides proteins, but Kraft Cheddar gives you twice as much nourishment as meat. Eat plenty of Kraft Cheddar.

3 EXTRA NOURISHING

This chart shows you how much extra nourishment you get from a pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. So economize the right way. Serve Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Ask for **KRAFT**
CHEDDAR CHEESE

More delicious flavour

Creamier, smoother for cooking

Packed with vital nourishment

Foil wrapped, stays fresher longer

It takes a full gallon of creamy milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese



upright on the potato mound and arrange fried apple and grilled tomatoes round the dish. Serve pan gravy separately in a sauceboat.

APPLE SOUP

Two pounds apples, 5 pints water, sugar, 2 tablespoons sage, 2 inches cinnamon, 1 lemon.

Pare, core and slice the apples, and put them into a lined saucepan with a small quantity of water. Add the stick cinnamon and the thinly-peeled rind of half a lemon and stew slowly until reduced to a pulp. Then rub the apple through a fine sieve, adding the rest of the water (which may be boiling). Return the puree to a clean saucepan, bring to the boil, sweeten to taste and sprinkle in the sage. Cook until this is quite clear, then add the lemon juice and some white wine if desired.

ONION AND APPLE PUREE

Three large cooking apples, 3 small onions, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 cup cold water, few sage leaves, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt butter in a frying pan, add sliced onions. Fry slowly, stirring frequently until onions are tender, then add sliced apples, salt, pepper and sage leaves and water. Cover with a lid and simmer until apples are soft. Remove lid and cook until all the water is gone. Beat to a pulp. Serve with fried, grilled or roast pork.

Continued on Fourth Page,
Homemaker Section

In Peace



or War

MARMITE SERVES MANKIND

THE SIEGE OF KUT. During the first World War (1914-1918) a number of Australian Light Horse men and other British Troops were cut off from fresh food supplies during the siege of Kut — Mesopotamia.

Bombardment and attack were repulsed with a gallantry that thrilled the world, but suddenly disease — the unseen enemy — began to accomplish that which guns had failed to do. Lack of fresh food and essential vitamins began to play such havoc with the health of the defenders that the fall of the city seemed imminent.

Aeroplanes were rushed to Kut with supplies of Marmite which were successfully dropped by parachute to the defenders. The effect was astounding; the men recovered rapidly — Marmite had done its bit!

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Aluminium Saucepan, 1 1/2 pint, cool bakelite handle. Postage, etc., 8d.

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Heavy gauge 9 inch Aluminium Cutlet Pan, bakelite handle. Postage, etc., 1/6.

222 POINTS
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371 POINTS
"Ecol" Electric Iron, comfortable, modern moulded bakelite sole, guaranteed 1 year. Postage, etc., 1/3.

264 POINTS
Ingraham Alarm Clock, attractive case, four different colour schemes. Postage, etc., 1/.

SMALL KNIFE: 35 Points, SMALL FORK: 34, TEASPOON: 16
Postage, 3d. each. All high grade quality.

181 POINTS
Heavy gauge Aluminium 14 Pint Boiler, rolled edge, bakelite lid-handle. Postage, etc., 2/.

FOR THE SECOND A.I.F.

He will enjoy this tangy, zesty vegetable extract and you have the satisfaction of knowing how good for him it is. Include Marmite in each parcel you send.



MARMITE FEATURES

- 1 One of the world's richest known sources of Vitamin B. MARMITE is pure vegetable extract.
- 2 Besides nourishing by its own goodness, MARMITE aids the digestion of other foods.
- 3 MARMITE is a "protective" food building up resistance to disease.
- 4 MARMITE checks constipation, enriches the blood, improves the digestion, clears the skin and tones up the system generally.
- 5 MARMITE will keep indefinitely in any climate.
- 6 MARMITE is very concentrated, therefore most economical in use.
- 7 Savoury and tasty, MARMITE adds zest to the appetite, making it particularly valuable for invalids and young children.
- 8 MARMITE is wholeheartedly recommended by the medical profession.

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All gifts are available at the following addresses: —
 SYDNEY 12 Hunter Street. ROBERT 41 Elizabeth Street.
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 24, Quid, Balaclava Arcade. NEWCASTLE 121 Taylor Street and Park
 PERTH 244 Hay Street.
 If you cannot call, send your request in separate package with name and address of vendor shown above, and remit the necessary amount for postage, and sticking to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
 This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia. 1.10.3

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

PRIZES for RECIPES

THE week's most interesting entries in our exciting best recipe competition. Perhaps you have a recipe worthwhile passing on to other housewives. If so, enter it in our competition and have a chance of winning a cash prize for it.

THIS best recipe competition is open to all our readers. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

If you win first prize you will be awarded £1. If your recipe doesn't win first prize but is printed, then you will receive a consolation prize for it of 2/6.

So let us have that recipe of yours.

LAMB CUTLETS

With Apple and Sultana Compote.

For compote: 3 large apples, 1oz. sugar (or to taste), 1 heaped tablespoon butter, 3oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Cut peeled and cored apples into thin slices. Put into a saucepan with lemon juice, butter, and sugar, cover and cook very gently. When juicy, add the cleaned sultanas and continue cooking gently until pulpy. Drain off any excess liquid, turn on

to hot dish, and arrange three or four grilled cutlets on top. Arrange potatoes flavored with mint round base.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. E. Street, Scotchholme, Bamawm Extension, Vic.

GINGER ALE CAKE

One pint bottle ginger ale, 12oz. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 12oz. flour, 1 grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1lb. mixed peel, 6 eggs, 2oz. glacé cherries, 2oz. Jordan almonds, 1 tablespoon glycerine, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Prepare fruit, chop it, and soak all night in the ginger ale. Next day cream butter and sugar well and add eggs one at a time, beating well all the time. Add flour sifted with cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt alternately with fruit. Lastly add glycerine and brandy. Put into a tin lined with paper and bake in a moderate oven 3½ to 4 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Leslie C. Skinner, Cosy Dell, Chapple Vale, Vic.



FANCY BREADS, the spiced or nut variety like that pictured above, are an excellent standby for lunches, afternoon teas and suppers. A reader's recipe for a brown nut loaf is given below. It contains walnuts and dates and makes delicious eating.

RHUBARB TAPIOCA JELLY

(Without Sugar)

Wash well 1lb. of rhubarb, trim, and put in layers in a piedish with 1lb. stoned quartered dates and 3 tablespoons well-washed tapioca. Pour in 1½ pints cold water. Bake slowly with a cover on until rhubarb is tender and tapioca like a pinkish jelly. Stir slightly when

first cooking. This is delicious served hot or cold with whipped cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Thomson, 43 Wilson St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

BROWN NUT LOAF

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, pinch salt, 2oz. walnuts, 1 cup dates, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Rub butter and sugar into flour and salt, then add chopped walnuts. Add dates previously soaked in cup of water to which has been added the carbonate of soda. Then add the beaten egg. Mix all together and bake slowly in moderate oven half an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Barton, 14 Collingwood St., Sandringham S8, Vic.

HAM-AND-EGG CROQUETTES

Four or 5 eggs, 1lb. cooked ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, pepper and salt, parsley, 1 cup white bread-crumbs, 1 egg for binding.

First boil eggs hard and cut up finely; then cut up ham and parsley. Put hard-boiled eggs, ham, parsley, pepper, salt, and mustard into a basin and mix all together. Then bind all with a beaten egg. Make into small rolls and roll in bread-crumbs, and then deep fry them in smoking fat until a light brown. When cooked, place on crumpled kitchen paper to let the fat drain off.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

APRICOT CHUTNEY

Fifty large apricots cut up roughly, 2½lb. sugar, 1lb. salt, 3oz. garlic, 1oz. ground ginger, a few pieces of preserved ginger, 1lb. sultanas, 1oz. cayenne, 6 small chillies cut up finely, 3 pints vinegar.

Mix all together and boil about 1 hour. It is advisable to keep the chutney for about three months before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. E. Berry, 3 Glasgow Hall, 54 Glasgow Ave., Bondi Nth., N.S.W.

PATE DE FOIS GRAS

Simmer 3 calves' livers till very tender, then put through a mincer or rub through a fine sieve. Make a seasoning with a little cayenne and white pepper, and a little ground nutmeg. Mix all with the liver and add enough butter to make into a soft paste. Then add a little made mustard, a little Worcestershire sauce and onion juice. This will keep if put into jars covered with oiled butter.

Makes an excellent tasty sandwich filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakkelo, 29 Herbert St., South Plympton, S.A.

DEVON PUDDING

Milk, 3 sliced apples, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teacup sago, and a little nutmeg.

Mix thoroughly and put in a buttered basin. Pour over enough boiling milk, about 1 pint, to fill the basin nearly, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

REPORTER says "You're right" to GLORIA RAY

YOU'RE RIGHT!
THOSE KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES BEAT
THE OTHERS
HOLLOW FOR
FLAVOUR!

THEY'RE
FAR CRISPER
AND PACKED
WITH NOURISH-
MENT
TOO!

Gloria Ray, fam-
ous American
Cookery expert.



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar contain as much energizing food elements as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why everyone says: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch time."

Cooking authorities, leading chefs, expert wine and tea tasters, and 403 men, women and children have made the sensational Kellogg's blindfold test. All tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes against other breakfast cereals, and everyone of them said: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes are twice as delicious." That's because Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white corn, flavoured with just the right touch of malt, sugar and salt, baked to golden brown perfection in Kellogg's shining ovens. And those bigger, crisper, crunchier Kellogg's Corn Flakes are all ready to serve. Just pour them straight from packet to plates. To-morrow morning, save time, energy, money on fuel—and give the whole family a real breakfast time treat with Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Always say
"KELLOGG'S"
before you say
"CORN FLAKES"



KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES The TASTIEST Breakfast of all!

APPLES for HEALTH . . .

CONTINUED FROM THE HOMEMAKER, PAGE 2.

APPLE CHUTNEY

Four pounds apples, 3lb. tomatoes, 2lb. onions, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 2oz. almonds, 1oz. whole ginger, 1 tablespoon salt, 3 pints best malt vinegar, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 12 cloves.

Slice apples, cut tomatoes into quarters, onions into rings. Chop almonds and raisins. Put all ingredients in a large pan. Boil for 10 minutes, then simmer 6-7 hours till the right consistency. Bottle and cork, then dip cork in melted bottling wax. The flavor improves if kept for some time before using.

GOLDEN APPLE CRUMBLE

Three large cooking apples, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger.

Crumble Mixture: Half cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons desiccated coconut, few drops vanilla.

Peel, core and slice apples and stew in a syrup made by boiling sugar, water and golden syrup together for 3 minutes. Add cinnamon and ginger and stew until apples are soft and clear. Place in buttered piedish and leave to cool.

Mix together the self-raising flour, brown sugar and butter until the

appearance of breadcrumbs, spread on apple mixture. Add vanilla to coconut and sprinkle over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 20 minutes until a golden brown. Serve with boiled custard or whipped cream.

APPLE CAKE

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. flour, 4oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Apple Mixture: Three apples peeled and grated, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Icing: 1lb. icing sugar, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Butter a shallow tin 10in. x 7in. and line the bottom with buttered paper. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs. Stir in lightly the sifted flour, cornflour and baking powder. Spread half the mixture in the prepared tin. Cover with apple mixture previously prepared and mixed together. Add remainder of cake mixture, spreading with a knife dipped in hot water. Bake for 20-25 minutes in moderate oven (400 degrees F.). When cool cover with warm icing, flavoured with lemon juice, sprinkle with ground cinnamon. Cut into fingers. May be served as a cake, or a sweet with custard or whipped cream served separately.



"My range is always bright and shining — thanks to ZEBO"

IT'S so easy now to keep your range shining. All it needs is an occasional rub over with Zebo — the modern liquid stove polish.

ZEBO IS EASY TO USE. There are no elaborate preparations with Zebo. You just shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, give a brisk polish, and it's done!



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Bad Headaches & Backaches

"I was continually nervous and depressed," states Mrs. A.B.T. of Macquarie, Q. "I suffered from headaches, backaches and pains in my legs. I was anemic. After taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was amazed at the change in my health. All the aches and pains have gone and I feel greatly improved." People who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills say they are genuinely amazed at the unexpected benefits and restorative effects these famous pills have upon the entire system. The reason for this is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rapidly help to enrich and increase the blood, which strengthens and vitalizes the nerves, organs and tissues of the body. See for yourself how rapidly your dizzy spells, nervous depression, backaches, worry, and much brighter, happier and stronger you feel. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are wonderfully beneficial for nervous, depressed women and all worried, sleepless people who are "not-so-young." At all chemists and stores. 2/- bottle.



USEFUL PULLOVER for a man knitted in warm 4-ply marl wool. The unusual stitch design is not difficult to do.

Knitted Pullover

- Practical design for a man, made in red-and-grey marl wool embroidered in white.

HERE are the instructions for knitting:

Materials required: 10oz. 4-ply fingering wool. Red-and-grey marl. 3oz. 4-ply fingering wool. Red. 1oz. 4-ply fingering wool. White. 1 pair needles, No. 9. 1 spare needle, No. 9. 1 pair needles, No. 11.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches. Chest, 38 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, f forward (wool forward around right needle), tog. together, st. stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch.

FRONT
Using No. 11 needles and red wool, cast on 196 sts. (k into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and marl wool and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: (Right side of work). * k 2, f k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with p 6.

2nd Row: Purl the sts. that were knitted in the preceding row and knit those that were purled. The "forwards" are knitted from the back of st.

3rd Row: * K 2, k 3 out of next st., k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with p 6.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row, there are no forwards to knit. Knit the 3 increases.

5th Row: * K 2, p 3, k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with p 6.

6th Row: The same as 2nd row, except that there are no forwards to knit.

7th Row: Repeat 5th row.

8th Row: Repeat 6th row.

9th Row: Repeat 5th row.

10th Row: Repeat 6th row.

11th Row: * K 2, p 3 tog., k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with p 6.

12th Row: Repeat 6th row.

13th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., k 1, p 4, k 2, f k 2, p 4, repeat from * ending with k 2.

14th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

15th Row: P 3, * k 2, k 3 out of

next st., k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with k 2.

16th Row: Repeat 4th row.

17th Row: P 3, * k 2, p 3, k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with k 2.

18th Row: Repeat 6th row.

19th Row: Repeat 17th row.

20th Row: Repeat 6th row.

21st Row: Repeat 17th row.

22nd Row: Repeat 6th row.

23rd Row: P 3, * k 2, p 3 tog., k 2, p 12, repeat from * ending with k 2.

24th Row: Repeat 6th row.

25th Row: * K 2, f k 2, p 4, k 2, k 2 tog., k 1, p 4, repeat from * ending with k 2.

Repeat from the 2nd to the 25th rows inclusive throughout. Continue in pattern and increase 1 st. each end of the 30th row and every 7th row following 6 times. Work even until front measures 12 inches. Shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows. Then shape for neck by dividing sts. as follows: With right side of work towards you, work 50 sts. in pattern (leave on spare needle), work in pattern to end of row. Working on last 50 sts. only k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next row and every 2nd row following until 32 sts. remain. Work even in pattern until armhole measures 9 inches; shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 8 times. Join wool at sts. left on spare needle, and work other shoulder to correspond.

BACK
Using No. 11 needles and red wool, cast on 166 sts. and work exactly the same as for front until the armhole shaping is completed. Then work even in pattern, and when armholes measure 9 inches shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 16 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

TO EMBROIDER
With white wool threaded through a darning needle, draw a long stitch through the centre of each of the knitted motifs, on back and front.

NECKBAND
Using No. 9 needles and red wool, cast on 160 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 13 inches. Cast off.

ARMHOLE BANDS
Using No. 9 needles and red wool, cast on 128 sts. These sts. should measure 20 inches. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 13 inches. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP
Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders. Stitch neckband to pullover. Sew armhole bands into position, turn back the neck and armbands, and press into position. Join side seams.



THIS SHOWS you how a loop of white wool is embroidered in the centre of the knitted motifs.

As one Girl to another



My dear — that feather! Your hat looks like taking off any minute!

But the colour . . . can I wear it?

Darling, with your new complexion you can get away with anything. How d'you do it?

With Revelry! The creams work wonders for your skin. And the powder's lovely. Marvellously clinging!

I suppose the price is just a shame?

Only 1/- each, my pet, believe it or not!



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JACK DAVEY'S LATEST
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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlon Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."*

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Scornfully refuse anything else. 1/2

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME :: :: By? A Doctor

They do a lot of work for you, so Take care of your feet

PATIENT: My feet have been causing such a lot of trouble lately, doctor, that I can scarcely walk. Bunions are terribly painful, aren't they?

Doctor: It is surprising how many people suffer with their feet, and how many seem to think that corns and bunions are troubles that one more or less has to put up with.

For instance, contrary to the opinions of some sufferers, bunions are not hereditary.

They are the direct result of improper care of the feet.

Our poor feet are among the most abused parts of the human body, and they retaliate by causing a great deal of pain and agony to those who neglect them.

In these days of motor cars, most people don't walk enough to give their feet adequate exercise, and fashions in footwear take little account of foot comfort and health.

Women are the chief offenders here. Too often they sacrifice their feet on the altar of fashion, and as a result acquire the most extraordinary malformations.

Any bunion which is causing much trouble has probably occurred as a result of wearing tight or wrongly-shaped shoes with over-high heels.

The wrong types of shoes are responsible for innumerable foot troubles. You've heard that a dozen

times before, I know, but it's worth saying again.

Men's shoes are more sensible than women's, though often they are badly ventilated.

Many girls force their feet into tight shoes and totter around on high heels, throwing all their weight on to their cramped toes.

It is no wonder that they suffer from corns and bunions.

A comfortable shoe should leave ample room for the toes, and the heel should fit snugly, but not too tightly.

If the heel is too loose the shoes will rub and cause callouses and blisters.

The sole of the shoe should correspond to the shape of the foot. It should be firm and flat across the ball of the foot.

Shoes should fit from the moment they are bought, and it should never be necessary to "break them in"—buy them large enough in the first place.

Always remember that if you cram your feet you are likely to cram your natural style as well.

Can be avoided

NOT only bunions, but corns and ingrowing toenails are caused by the wrong type of shoe. Corns are very common, and may be very painful.

They can also be avoided, and while some people find them useful for predicting rain it is far less painful to consult the weather man.

Corns are merely thickened or hardened layers of skin caused by pressure. When the outer hard layer presses in on the nerves, a corn can be very painful indeed.

Soft corns arise between the toes, usually between the fourth and fifth toes. Heat, perspiration, and the proximity of skin surfaces cause soft corns to develop.

Anyone who has suffered from ingrowing toenails will appreciate the importance of preventing them. The way to prevent them is to let the nails grow up at the edges, and cut them straight across the centre.

Many foot troubles are due to neglect of the feet in childhood.

Weakened arches and "flat foot," which cause a great deal of pain in adults, often have their beginning in childhood, but do not become apparent for some years, until in-

HOT applications in form of a moist dressing or a foot bath as shown here in a saturated solution of Epsom salt will give relief to feet inflamed as the result of long standing or walking. Massage with a rotary movement is good, too.



For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Prevention of colds

WITH the approach of winter, many young mothers are worried with their babies' first colds. A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

2.
And dear the lovely Horrockses
sheets and pillow cases you
have sent me have taken
pride of place amongst my
bed linen. You see I
know their value, their
use in our family is
a legacy from our wife
old great great grandma



Horrockses
SHEETS PILLOWCASES & TOWELS
Quality - Comfort - Economy

Quick tricks for good grooming

113. "There's nothing like 'Vaseline' Jelly to smooth and soften a rough, dry neck."
—Mrs. Hill, Pine Street, Randwick, N.S.W.



115. "Before motorcycling, rub a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on the lips to prevent them from cracking."
—Miss D. Grimson, Reid's Flat, Boorowa, N.S.W.

116. "I have a very sensitive dry skin, and I find that 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed on my face every now and then is very soothing."
—Mrs. C. Ford, Fraser Terrace, Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Queensland.

114. "Rub 'Vaseline' Jelly well into the cuticles to prevent them becoming ragged and the nails from breaking."
—Mrs. Weathered, Glen Oak, Scone, N.S.W.

117. "Apply 'Vaseline' Jelly to arms, legs and back before sunbaking or surfing, to promote an even tan and save sunburning."
—Mrs. Wilson, Woodgee Street, Currumbin Beach, Q.



WE WILL PAY \$1 to anyone sending in uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chetebrough, Dept. 447, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne, together with the label from a jar of genuine "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



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ON THE JAR

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YELLOW—6d. and 1/- per jar.

ITEMS for the GIFT STALL...

FOR those who are busy now with a war effort of some kind to raise money for soldiers' comforts, here is a fascinating selection of needlework items suitable for a gift stall. All quick and easy to work and bound to sell like hot cakes. Order from our Needlework Department now.

THESE needlework items suitable for gift stalls at bazaars or charity fairs can be all obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working in simple but attractive designs.

NO. 1—CHILD'S APRON. Dainty garment for the little girl of 4 to 10 years. Traced for working in pretty pastel colors on cream, pale blue or pale pink Linora. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

Sizes and prices:
4 to 6 years, 1/11 each.
6 to 8 years, 2/3.
8 to 10 years, 2/6. All postage free.

NO. 2—WOMEN'S APRON. Traced for working on hard-wearing cream, blue or green Cesarine. Obtainable in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust measurements. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish. Price, 2/6 each.

NO. 3—LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS. The daintiest hankies in white lawn with gurgly lace corners and traced ready for embroidery. Price 9d. each, or box of six, 3/11 complete.

NO. 4—LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. Traced for working on good quality white linen. Size 11 by 11 inches. Price 1/- each, or box of six, 5/6 complete.

NO. 5—GUEST TOWEL. Attractive design traced for working on yellow, green, blue or pink silk huckaback. Size 15 by 24 inches. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish. Flowers should be worked in lay-daisy stitch and satin-stitch in pastel colors. Price, 2/6 complete.

NO. 6—SET OF POT-HOLDERS. Ever so useful and traced on cream, blue, or green Cesarine, ready to embroider and make up. A pad of thick material or cotton-wool should be placed between the folds of the material before machining and after the embroidery has been completed. Price, 2/3 complete set.

Nos. 7 and 8—BABIES' BIBS. Two sweet designs traced for working on cream, pale blue, or pale pink Ingola, or on cream, blue, or pink Linora. Embroidery should be worked in pastel shades of Filoselle, obtainable



TRACED ready for working, all these needlework items, guest towels, d'oyleys, aprons, pot-holders, handkerchiefs, etc., are obtainable now from our Needlework Department.

from our Needlework Department for 31d. skein, in pale green, pink, blue, or cream. Prices of Bibs: 1/- for Ingola, and 9d. for Linora.

NO. 9—BASKET GUEST TOWEL. Pretty basket of flowers design traced for working on yellow, blue, pink, or green silk huckaback. Do embroidery in pastel shades in satin-stitch and french knots. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish. Price, 2/6 complete.

NO. 10—TELEPHONE BOOK COVER. Traced ready for embroidery on cream, blue, or green Cesarine, or on crash in natural color. Do embroidery in stem-stitch and satin-stitch. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish. Price, 2/6 complete.

stitched for crochet finish. Price, 2/6 complete.

Nos. 10a, 11, and 12. Three dainty d'oyleys traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen. Size 8 by 8 inches. No. 10a work in lay-daisy or satin-stitch; No. 11 in buttonhole and french knots or eyelets, and No. 12 in lay-daisy stitch and french knots. Price, 1/- each, or set of three, 2/9 complete.

Broder cottons, price 31d. skein; stranded cottons, price 2d. a skein; obtainable from our Needlework Department.

For addresses of Needlework Departments, see pattern page.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

A QUICK polisher and duster can be made from a piece of soft rag soaked in paraffin. The rag should be hung on the line for about four days before it is used.

IF you dent your furniture, thoroughly damp the affected spot. Cover it with a piece of cotton-wool and hold a hot iron over the pad. This raises the dents, and the marks will be almost gone.

WHEN bed-making, don't tuck in every blanket separately. Turn the mattress first. Then cover it securely with the lower sheet. Lay on the top sheet (do not tuck it in), letting the hem come nearly to the top of the bed. Lay on the blankets. Turn the sheet-top over the blankets

and then double the whole thing over—blankets and all. Now fold in the corners neatly and tuck in all round. Lay the pillows on top of the sheet fold. Put on the cover.

VINEGAR is a good substitute for eggs when making cakes. If two eggs are required and you have only one, use the one egg and a despatchful of vinegar. If you have to boil a cracked egg, a few drops of vinegar in the water will keep the white in.

WHEN your aluminium saucepans get stained, the easiest way of taking off the discoloration is by putting fruit peelings in the saucepan, bringing to boil, simmering and rinsing.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS
ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

Taurians need friendship, love, and co-operation to do their best work and to achieve happiness in life.

IF Taurians (people born between April 21 and May 21) are willing to co-operate with others in their race for success, they will usually do well. Their charm can bring them goodwill and assistance.

But if their pig-headed, lazy, or bad-tempered tendencies get the better of them, and give them a desire to be "lone wolves," it is just too bad—not only for themselves, but for those who depend on them.

Taurians who are unhappy (and "lone wolves" are usually so), seem to lack the enterprise and enthusiasm to fight ambitiously and thus lose out badly in the battle of life. As against this those who are happy seem to forge ahead if only through a desire to live up to what is expected of them by those they love and admire.

In other words, co-operation and popularity are the driving forces essential to the full success of most people born between April 21 and May 22.

Taurians are seldom originators. They are specialists in all work needing patient attention to detail and a thorough grasp of the principles of whatever job they are trying to do.

Consequently they should leave originality to others. At the same time they should learn the art of co-ordination so thoroughly that their association with those who are inventive will rebound in their own favor.

Usually they can do well for themselves by working with Arians, Geminians, and Pisceans. This also applies to Scorpions (especially in business), provided they protect their interests thoroughly. If not, the results may be losses and disappointment.

The same things apply to marriage. Taurians have streaks in them which make them impossible to others. They must therefore learn self-control, selflessness, and lack of jealousy. Having acquired these traits they can become true comrades, ideal marriage partners, and beloved parents.

In marriage partnerships they

will usually find their greatest happiness and benefits through people born under the signs of Capricorn (December 22 to January 20) and Virgo (August 24 to September 23). They can also harmonise well with those of their own sign, provided too many of the unwanted Taurian characteristics are not present. Also with Pisceans (February 19 to March 21), and Cancerians (June 22 to July 23).

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fair on May 22 and 23.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): It is to be hoped you took earlier advice and sought the things you desired. Now you must settle down to consolidate your gains and make them grow. May 24 and 25 best fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): One of your favorable periods of the year is almost upon you, but don't act yet. Concentrate on perfecting plans, and being ready to go, when your stars say the word. May 22 and 23 indicate need of caution.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Fair on May 23 and 24.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): You've been having a bad few weeks, and you must still be extremely cautious on May 19 (night), 20 and 21. Try to avoid changes, arguments, losses, partings, and general trouble.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): If you've made gains or improvements lately, sit back now and guard them, for a few difficult weeks are ahead. Avoid delays, upsets, difficulties, and worries of all kinds if you can, especially on May 22 and 23.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): Now is the time to get busy and go after your ambitions and pleasures. Plan constructive and stable previous conditions. But plan only do not act. For May 24 and 25 can raise obstacles.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Your troubles are nearly over for the time being unless you were rash during recent weeks, and started things which can now react adversely. Continue to be most cautious on May 26 and 27.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Get busy and stay that way on May 18 and 19. Thereafter you must take things quietly and concentrate on routine consolidation. Take no risks on May 22 and 23.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Over-enthusiasm or activity must now give way to routine affairs and the consolidation of past gains.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Follow the advice given to Libra.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Very mixed for you. May 20 and 21 good, May 22 and 23 can bring upsets and difficulties. Be cautious.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)



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ACHING MUSCLES
Drive Pain Clean Out

When your feet ache and burn, give yourself instant, glorious relief this way. One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your crippling pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second your sore muscles relax. . . pain goes. You actually feel the soothing oil sinking into your tired muscles. You feel it drive the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Give yourself glorious relief. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away.

The Australian Women's Weekly
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For Further Information & Bookings Consult: S. A. REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, MELBOURNE & SYDNEY, or SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVT. TOURIST BUREAU, ADELAIDE.

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Cold wintry weather brings with it many aches and pains, and at this time Iodex will prove a real "friend in need". For first-aid treatment of simple swollen glands, sore throat, stiff neck, pains and aches in joints and muscles, chapped hands and chilblains, Iodex will be found invaluable. Two interesting reports from our files are given below:—



Chilblains. "My daughter was suffering very badly with Chilblains on her fingers. They were itching badly, and inflamed and broken. Iodex gave her wonderful relief from the first dressing, and after a few applications they were quite cured."



Chapped Hands. "Iodex is excellent. I was suffering from very severe chapped hands. After three applications of Iodex my hands were completely cured."

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Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Paymint (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

SHRUBS... that bloom in spring

THOSE exquisite harbingers of spring, the azalea, the spiraea, the flowering apricot and cherry, rhododendrons, and others should be planted in the next few weeks.

Says
OUR HOME GARDENER.

WHILE lilac time is a fragrant borderland between spring and early summer, only a very narrow strip of country in Australia can produce this colorful and sweetly perfumed flower.

In consequence, those of us living in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth have to look to the spiraea, the azalea, wattle, and other harbingers of spring.

When winter's harsh winds have been soothed to balmy breezes, and the sky loses its hard, cold face in a dome of smiling blue, we see the bright colors of the azalea, backed up by the immaculate white spiraea, the colorful flowering peaches, plums, cherries, and quinces.

I am one of those gardeners who think that azaleas never look their best on level ground. They always make a better display when grouped on an irregular surface where they are looked up at or down upon.

If you have never been fortunate enough to see them flowering in the lower Himalayas, mixed up with giant masses of their equally colorful cousins, the rhododendrons, you cannot imagine how beautiful they look on those steep mountainsides.

They never look better than when covering the stepped sides of a dell, or gully, or when carefully planted on mounds among trees, where some shade can enhance their gorgeous shades of color.

It is possible, of course, to set them out, even on level ground, so that they will make a bright display, but one has to know the tall varieties, and plant them at the back, thus letting the eyes of the onlooker see the shorter types first—and travel upwards.

This has been done to effect in several of our Australian Botanic Gardens, where hilly land in a semi-shady position was unobtainable.

Most gorgeous

AZALEAS are among the most gorgeous of our spring-flowering shrubs, and deserving of greater recognition, although many of the varieties are to reach maturity.

June is an ideal month for planting, for then their shallow roots can be firmly embedded, and the shrubs do not run the risk of dying of thirst, a danger that is always present if warmer and drier months are selected for transplanting.

Azaleas prefer a peaty soil, but thrive well in most garden loams if free of lime and plentifully supplied with rotted leaves.

In poor soil both rhododendrons and azaleas are much improved by a good mulching or top-dressing of rotted cow manure in springtime.

This gives their roots the cool conditions that they crave. Gardeners who have never grown them, however, should bear in mind that they must have some shade during hot weather, for they never look their best in full sunlight.

And while I am talking about shrub planting, let me remind gardeners that other lovely early spring flowering varieties suitable for present planting are prunus mume (flowering apricot), pyrus malus (flowering apple), cerasus japonica



A SPRINGTIME STORY—Azaleas in bloom and young love a-walking . . . These azaleas with their profusion of exquisite white flowers were photographed last season in one of our botanic gardens.

(flowering cherry) and one of the cythaus family, whose flowers vary from pure white to brilliant venetian-red, according to the variety chosen.

Of this family I can particularly recommend cythaus albus (white), cythaus burkwoodii (red shading to pink), cythaus dallmorei (vieux-rose), and fragrans (yellow).

Another cythaus that most nurserymen stock is hibernica, which bears orange-scarlet flowers shaded with rose. This is one of the very best.

In sandy soil

LIKE most of their family, the cythaus do particularly well in sandy soil. They should be well pruned after flowering, as the next season's wood develops immediately the flush of bloom has ended.

Another shrub I would like to suggest that gardeners grow more of is diplacis hybrida. It never reaches much more than 2 ft. 6 in., but as it flowers for about eight months of the year, and its orange-buff flowers last a long time, makes a wonderful garden specimen.

Diplacis is rather sticky to the touch, but if the long sprays of bloom are cut carefully and placed in water they last a very long time.

Eupatorium is another beautiful shrub that flowers in late winter and early spring. The leaves are large and fairly fleshy, but the blooms are like immense heads of lavender ageratum.

This is a particularly good shrub to plant in association with the azalea, for they flower about the same time and provide a strong and pleasing color contrast.

Like the azalea, the eupatorium

revels in a semi-shady position, and a southerly aspect suits it admirably.

Another shrub that has made a great hit with the people living in the cooler parts of Australia is Forsythia intermedia. This blooms before the leaves appear, and, as the clear yellow flowers are borne in great profusion along the branches, which reach up to 4 ft., is a shrub of great beauty.

If you live in a district that is free from fruit fly, you should not fail to try the lovely feijoa sellowiana. This has white flowers with red anthers, and the foliage looks as though it has been sprinkled with powdered snow. The delicious fruit that follows the blossom is very attractive to fruit fly, but in districts where this pest is scarce will provide the table with a fruit, the flavor of which is difficult to describe.

DIGESTION - TIRED - Can't eat



How to get better on Benger's Food

No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do? There is one Food she can at once enjoy and assimilate—it is Benger's. From the first cup of Benger's her digestion will be rested and she will be abundantly nourished. If you suffer from indigestion and have no appetite for the evening meal—take a cup of Benger's Food instead.



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IN HALF A MINUTE

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CONSIDER the WALLS

... For they must provide the right sort of background for your furniture

YOU may choose plain walls, painted, papered or textured in a light or darker neutral tone . . . Have a patterned finish with a well-designed wall-paper . . . Go period-style with warm wood panelling . . . Or daringly original with landscape designs to give mural effects . . .

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



ABOVE: Quaintly charming bedroom in which walls and ceiling are finished with a cream wallpaper showing a simple old-world floral design. The paper provides a background for the Early-Colonial furniture. For contrast, window drapes, carpeting and bed-covers are in plain colors.



LEFT: Walls showing landscapes are popular in America. In this dining-room, the walls are paneled halfway in timber, enamelled cream, while the upper part is painted to give the effect of scenery beyond.



LOWER LEFT: When plain walls are lovely—a beautiful lounge-room, where color is the dominant decorative theme, the furniture being pleasingly simple in line and fabrics plain.



It seems to be an accepted theory among home furnishers today that the maximum light and space are desirable at all costs.

And to this end plain cream-colored walls and ceilings are used to the practical exclusion of all other kinds of wall finishes.

Certainly light and space are desirable, and in the average home of to-day, where rooms are apt to be small and ceilings low, light-colored walls are usually best for this reason.

And in cases where the furniture may be changed from time to time or is of the plain, modern type, plain, unobtrusive walls in a neutral tone prove a harmonising background for almost any style of furnishing.

On the other hand, one of the most charming living-rooms I know is a small room furnished in cottage style. It has brown wood-paneled walls enlivened with window drapes and loose covers of gay chints.

The effect in this instance is friendly and warm and intimate, the dark-colored walls having a more restful effect than is often the case with very light walls which reflect light and sometimes prove tiring to the eyes.

However, it is as well to remember that dark walls are not desirable in a dark room, and it is only with certain types of furnishing that they are suitable.

Actually, various styles in furnishing call for different wall treatments, and if you are going to keep to some definite period then you can safely plan something unusual for the walls.

Wallpapers are returning to favor, and many of these are very lovely, especially some of the simple old-world designs for Early-Colonial rooms. They often bring a quaint charm to a room where plain walls will produce a purely negative effect.

On the other hand, wallpapers with large, bold patterns that draw attention constantly to the wall are to be avoided. Choose your wallpaper with a pattern that won't prove irritating to live with and won't obtrude or clash with the furniture.

Alternatives to wallpaper are paint—that with a high gloss is good for a dark room—and distemper. Both are available in a large range of colors and are comparatively cheap in application.

In America, walls painted with landscape scenes are enjoying great popularity. If you want to be different, and can afford it, try this striking finish. Some very lovely results can be obtained with this method of wall decoration.

Don't overlook the woodwork—doors, windows, and skirting-boards—when dealing with walls.

When the wood is good, leave it alone and keep it in trim with occasional applications of good linseed oil. Inferior wood can be painted or enamelled to match or contrast with the walls. For greater spaciousness have the woodwork matching.

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